

**CN CALLING**

The pleasures of the senses pass quickly; those of the heart become sorrows; but those of the mind are ever with us, even to the end of our journey.

Spanish Proverb

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**THE RACE  
BETWEEN A  
POEM AND  
A FACT**

See page 4

Number 1047 APRIL 15, 1939

Thursday 2d Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

## THE EUPHORIAN AT THE WHEEL

See  
Page  
Two

### JILL THE PLATYPUS GOES ASTRAY

#### Strange Little Captive in Sanctuary

THE story of Jill the platypus begins, so far as anyone is aware of it, on the day of her Great Adventure, and a most uncommon adventure it was for any of her species. She was nearly run over by a touring motorist.

The scene of this misadventure for the little duckbilled wanderer was a Victoria country road a few miles from Healesville, where there is a well-known sanctuary for Australian fauna.

The uncommon part of it was in the distance from the nearest water-course, a creek running 100 yards from the road. The platypus, though perfectly well adapted to land travel, rarely ventures far from the banks of the streams in which it spends most of its time, and in the depths of which it disappears like a flash when scared.

Jill is quite a youngster, certainly not more than half-grown; it is difficult to estimate her actual age, as no one has yet been lucky enough to watch a platypus grow up from babyhood.

#### A Furry Vagabond

The motorist, whose careful driving saved the vagabond's life, gathered up her little brown furry body (she made no demur), and on first thought was going to return her to the safety of the creek. Then he remembered having heard that at that very time the sanctuary was seeking, from the State Government's Game and Fisheries Department, permission to keep a platypus—permission which is very rarely granted owing to the heavy mortality which has occurred to captive platypuses in the past.

So to the sanctuary went Jill, where she was enthusiastically received by the Director, Mr David Fleay, and his staff. Temporary accommodation was hastily prepared, and all the schoolboys of the neighbourhood were rounded up and persuaded to put in at least some of their spare time digging earthworms for the captive.

For the first few weeks, which are the most critical time for a platypus deprived of its natural conditions, Jill was treated with all the solicitude of a newly-born baby. Her feeding was carefully watched, and gradually, as she settled down in her new surroundings, her bill of fare was added to. At first she was kept in absolute seclusion, being disturbed by no one. Her food was introduced into her swimming-pool during the day, when she was tucked away in

the straw-lined burrow opening off the pool, and she was left alone to emerge during the night and feed when she felt inclined. Then, slowly and patiently, Mr Fleay accustomed Jill to his own presence, and eventually had the satisfaction of being able to persuade her to emerge into daylight for a few minutes every afternoon and feed on what he threw into the pool for her. Slowly Jill's shyness left her, and presently she would emerge regularly every day and disport herself in the pool, completely indifferent to the presence of any number of spectators if only they kept quiet.

#### The Snug Retreat

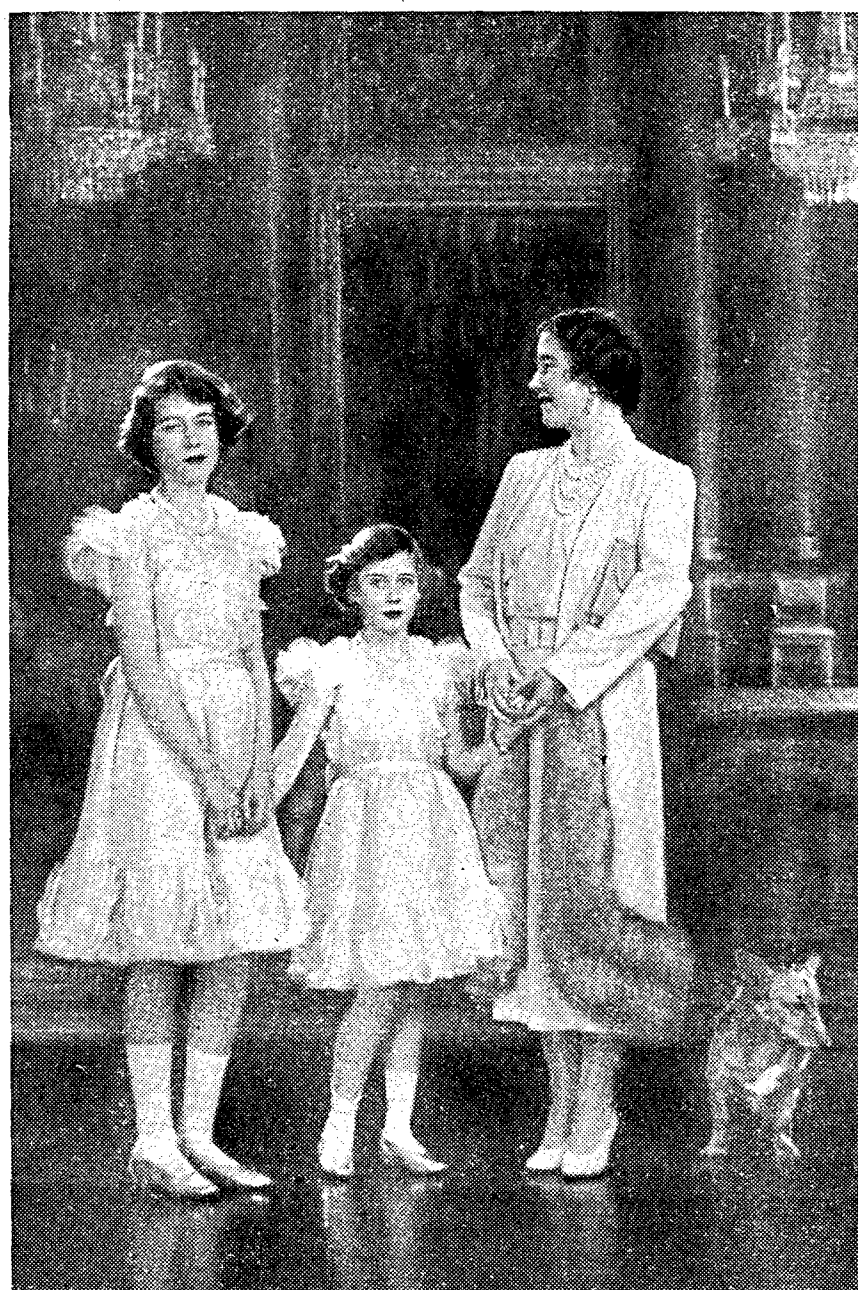
During this early period in the sanctuary the official blessing on her captivity had been obtained, and elaborate quarters were constructed, consisting of a long and broad concrete pool, tapering in depth from end to end and provided with ledges for basking. The pool is covered with removable wire-mesh screens, to discourage nocturnal birds which might be attracted by the food supply of worms, grubs, yabbies, cicadas, and other delicacies in season.

From both ends of the pool lead pairs of wooden tunnels, lined with straw to simulate as closely as possible conditions in a platypus's natural tunnel under a river bank. The tunnels open into comfortable straw-lined sleeping and living quarters, representing the burrow at the end of the natural river-bank excavation.

In these snug quarters Jill spends all the daylight hours, except for the half-hour or so in the afternoon, when she emerges from darkness for the daily exhibition. Nights Jill spends splashing round the pool, consuming most of the thousand odd titbits which a healthy platypus can comfortably put away every 24 hours.

#### The Daily Display

Jill's daily performance is encouraged for the benefit of visitors, many of whom have journeyed the 40 miles from Melbourne just to see her. Every afternoon at 3.30 precisely Mr Fleay starts the show by opening up the wooden burrows, to give visitors a glimpse of Jill in the dry state, which is the only condition in which to appreciate the thickness and softness of her fur. Then, to improve visibility, the wire screens are removed from the pool, into which a few titbits are thrown, and Jill comes gaily down one of her tunnels, almost invariably pausing a moment at the



**THESE FOUR**

The latest portrait of the Queen and the two Princesses with their Welsh Corgi, Dookie. Photograph by Marcus Adams

exit, then taking a lightning-fast header into the pool.

After a few fast rounds of the pool she looks for nourishment, and rather elegantly gobbles up everything available. At this stage, and when she has become accustomed to the comparatively bright light, she will put on her star turn, which is taking food from the hand of Mr Fleay, his and no one else's. As a platypus feeds normally under water it is a noteworthy feat to persuade Jill to poke her queer ducklike bill up in the air and nose out food from the hand of her human friend, held inches high above the surface of the pool.

This trick was the first Jill learned, and is still her most consistent; she can always be relied on to perform it. But her schooling has really only begun, and there is no saying to what height of platypus accomplishment she may reach. Another trick

she is mastering is thrusting her bill up inside Mr Fleay's shirt-cuff and nuzzling his wrist, though she cannot yet be relied on to do this on demand. Sometimes, when she is feeling particularly playful, Jill will imitate her brilliant predecessor Splash, and cling like a kitten to a small mop when it is offered her, though as yet this can hardly be claimed as an item of her regular repertoire.

Jill has now been given a companion, another female, a larger, older, and more uncouth platypus altogether. The sanctuary now has permission to keep two, so the newcomer will serve to give Jill some sort of company, though as soon as possible she will be replaced by a future husband for Jill. Then, if love's young dream runs smoothly, the sanctuary hopes to have the privilege of sponsoring the world's first platypus bred in captivity.



## THE MAJOR ROAD AHEAD

### Nazi Juggernaut Slows Down

*Stop: Major Road Ahead* exclaimed Lord Halifax a week or two ago, and the warning has apparently become effective.

The whole liberty-loving world has been stirred by the action of the British Government in warning Herr Hitler that if he touches the independence of Poland he must reckon with Britain too. Such a British Guarantee to a country of Eastern Europe is entirely without precedent, and is the foundation of the Collective Security for which the League of Nations stands.

There can be no doubt that it has given pause to the Nazi Dictator in his march to the conquest of the small nations round Germany. Contemplating his next stroke for power in Poland, Herr Hitler was suddenly faced with a solid front of opposition from Britain, France, and Poland itself, and though there were difficulties in bringing Russia into the agreement there was no doubt on which side Russia stood. She stood where America stands, and Rumania, and Yugo-Slavia, and Greece, and Turkey, and other small but vigorous States which cherish the independence menaced by the Nazi gospel of Force.

The new Polish Agreement has been strengthened by the talks with Colonel Beck, Poland's Foreign Minister, in his visit to London last week, and all over the world it is recognised as the first dramatic step of the democracies to stem the tide of Nazi aggression.

Herr Hitler's first speech after the appearance of this new Democratic Front was indeed much less challenging, and his declaration that he does not want war, but merely economic expansion and opportunity for the German people, was the first evidence of the fact that the British Government's move is likely to strengthen peace rather than add to the risk of war.

The bully of the little nations changes his tone when the big nation comes in.

## NO INTERFERENCE ON WIRELESS

### The Telebroadcast and What It Means

The Postmaster-General has promised us a new kind of wired wireless.

Already thousands of homes take their broadcast programmes by wire from a central relaying station, merely plugging-in a loud-speaker; but what the P.M.G. promises is a direct service from three or four broadcasting stations. At first the new service will be for telephone subscribers only, the wireless waves being sent along the telephone wire instead of broadcast through the ether. It will be possible to use existing receiving sets.

The great advantage of receiving broadcasts in this way is that the reception is free from interference, and if, unhappily, we should ever be at war the jamming of wireless signals and other interference on the part of an enemy would be certain. But even in peace time the new system has its advantages. The broadcast would be free from natural disturbances and perfect reception would be possible in difficult areas, as near the coasts, where shipping signals frequently cause interference.

The wireless waves travelling over the telephone wires will not interfere with the ordinary telephone service, for calls can be made quite normally while the wireless set is in operation.

It is intended to start the new service this year, and later it may be possible to give the service to homes not on the telephone. Meanwhile companies operating the relay broadcasts are having their licences extended for another ten years.

## Doubling Our Citizen Army

ON the plinth of the Nelson Column is a placard with the words "Civil Defence is the business of the Citizen."

It is the banner of National Service, and of National Service the core is the Territorial Army. The Territorials are volunteers. They offer their services to their country without compulsion. They declare themselves willing to defend their land in peace or, if it must be, in war, and by their pledge they are a guarantee of the peace we seek to maintain.

In peace time the Territorials, like the Volunteers of 80 years ago, are a tributary of the Regular Army; but, as the Great War showed, can become as capable as they are willing to do a regular soldier's work. The ideal of the Territorial Force is to be the citizen army by which our small but very efficient regular army can be rapidly expanded by several divisions.

It is for these reasons that in this hazardous period of our history the Territorial Force for overseas service is to be more than doubled and is to number 340,000 citizen soldiers.

They are trained as members of the Royal Artillery, the Royal Engineers, the Corps of Signals, the Tank Corps, and the infantry. The Royal Army Service Corps is to add more Territorials to its establishment, and side by side with them the Yeomanry is to see to its own enlargement.

Recruitment for the Territorial Army is carried out by the County Associations, which, as soon as the Government announced its intentions about enlarging the force, were overwhelmed with volunteers for it. Some of the field divisions already have more than their quota of men, and there seems little doubt that the 210,000 men called for will be quickly forthcoming.

## The Euphorian at the Wheel CARELESS AND HAPPY AFTER A DRINK

We take this passage from the Report of the House of Lords Select Committee on Road Accidents, which is likely to come up in Parliament as the most drastic official document yet issued on the question of the Roads.

THE effect of even moderate quantities of alcohol on drivers is not generally realised.

The Committee think that propaganda should be employed to train and fortify public opinion in the condemnation of persons who drink before driving—above all to discourage the practice of *One for the road*.

A warning of this danger should receive prominence in the Highway Code, and it should be emphasised that, even where there is no question of drunkenness, a small quantity of alcohol is for many drivers most dangerous.

The driver who has imbibed alcohol experiences a feeling of "euphoria," or careless well-being, and entertains a mistaken idea that he is driving better than usual. He does not realise that his reactions are slower, that his neuro-muscular control is impaired, and that his vision is restricted.

The Committee think that magistrates and their clerks should be advised by circular regarding this matter. It is essential that they and the public generally should realise that "under the influence of drink" does not necessarily mean intoxication in the ordinary sense, but that driving skill is affected long before a man is consciously under the influence of alcohol.

## The Strength of France

By her Prime Minister

What does France want? The peace of a free man.

What is the strength of France? It is her material and moral unity, realised once again in face of danger.

What is the resolution of France? It is to defend her ideal and her rights.

The strength of France? Do you really know what that is? It is that entity of magnificent armies whose leaders and men, taught by long experience and united by the same thoughts, form a single block without losing anything of their individual virtue.

The strength of France? It finds its support in a rich and balanced country whose soil, made fertile by the tenacious efforts of our fathers, is sheltered from distress and famine.

The strength of France? It is all over the world—in our farthest possessions, where, as Minister of Colonies 15 years ago, I felt the keenest loyalty vibrating.

The strength of France? It is not only in our military power but also in spiritual and moral values which are as great today as in any century of our history. It is that constant searching after human dignity in liberty and order. It is the fraternity of all creeds and thoughts. It is the spontaneous union of a whole people which is seeking after truth and justice even in its political quarrels, but which has no need for reconciliation in order to be united as soon as the hour of danger sounds.

Instructions in Esperanto are now installed in all automatic telephone kiosks throughout Holland.

## Schoolboys Fly Home

By the time Summer Term begins four young pupils at English schools will have travelled 24,000 miles to their families for the Easter holidays and back again.

This was made possible by the splendid service of Empire flying-boats. Ten-year-old John Raisman went home to Gwalior in India, only four days but nearly 6000 miles from England. Fourteen-year-old Ethne Irwin flew home to Alexandria in Egypt, while Athens was the destination of Peter Packer, and Walter Phelps flew to Tiberias to spend Easter in Palestine with his mother and his stepfather, General O'Connor, who is commanding our Palestine forces.

## London Losing Its Green Belt

In ten years 21,000 acres of open land within ten miles of Charing Cross have been built over.

Within the same radius there are now only 7700 acres suitable for recreation.

It should be the work of the Association to see that not one of these acres is built on. Lord Baldwin to the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association

## The Great Port

During its thirty years of life the Port of London Authority has spent £20,000,000 on improving the Port.

It has spent another £3,200,000 on the removal of 52,700,000 tons of dredged material. The tonnage of shipping during these thirty years has so increased that it is now nearly two-thirds more than in 1909, and the value of the trade to this port is 37 per cent of the whole of the seaborne trade in the kingdom.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

The National Institute for the Blind has reached its silver jubilee.

There died not long ago at High Wycombe a centenarian who worked for 75 years at the same bench; he was Mr George Coles.

The airmail sent from this country has gone up in ten years from ten tons to 2000 tons; the number of letters has gone up from half a million to 100 millions a year.

Britain's last square-rigged barquentine, which has lain on the mud at Par, Cornwall, for three years, has been bought by four Estonians, who will take her to the Baltic.

The British Museum library has nearly 4,500,000 books.

Rochdale Corporation is laying out a camping site at Springfield Park, where Guides, Scouts, and others will be able to enjoy a camping holiday without having to take a long journey.

Tucked in a special cylinder, a canary has been taken 20 miles to New York by carrier pigeon.

It will surprise many motorists to know that tyres on London buses frequently have a life of 80,000 miles, and as much as 150,000 miles has been known.

The L.M.S. is building 90 new engines this year, including 20 of the type used for the Coronation Scot train.

Chinese typewriters for typing Chinese are massive machines with two keyboards, each of which contains 5000 characters, and the best speed experts can achieve is about 1000 words an hour.

## THINGS SEEN

A man conducting his own assize case with a threepenny law book.

Seagulls fighting a brown owl on a breakwater at Dover.

Geraniums picked in a New Zealand garden on the Editor's desk 15 days later.

A man raising his hat to a hospital as he passed it every day.

## THINGS SAID

Let us hope that, with so much attention directed to Lambeth Walk, a little more attention may be directed to the housing conditions of Lambeth.

C.N. correspondent

We must not bring politics into sport under any circumstances. Lord Burghley

Today none of us knows a tithe of the things that are known. Mr H. G. Wells

The standard-bearers of intellect have grown weak and the powers of darkness have been strengthened. Professor Einstein

I did not realise until the last few years how much influence America has in the world. Mr Roosevelt

I am not an expert but a victim of foreign affairs. Mr Jan Masaryk

The outlook is not wholly dark; the clouds over Europe are not without their silver lining. Lord Zetland

The centre of London gets only fifty per cent of the sunshine which falls on Kew in winter. Mr Herbert Morrison, M.P.

How stupid it is to maintain hosts of idle men when the very stones of England cry out for a policy of advance.

The East End Star

## THE BROADCASTER

JOAN CALEY has collected 100,000 farthings for Paddington Green's Children's Hospital.

OVER £900,000 had been raised in England for Spanish relief during the war.



April 15, 1939

*The Children's Newspaper*

3

# Tame Platypus • Lambs in the Meadows • New Mauretania



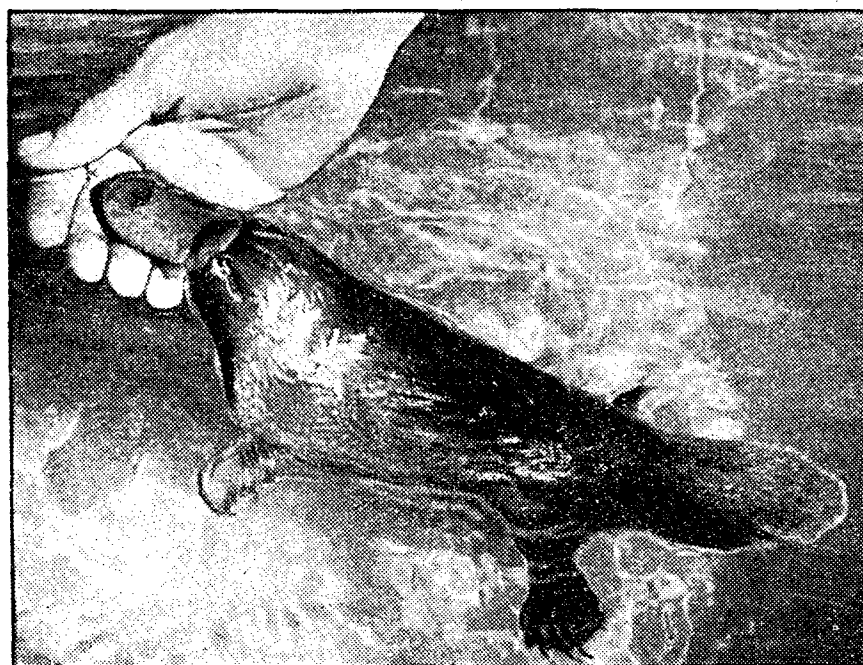
Young Gardeners—Pupils of the Beltane Coeducational School at Wimbledon setting out for an afternoon's gardening in the school grounds



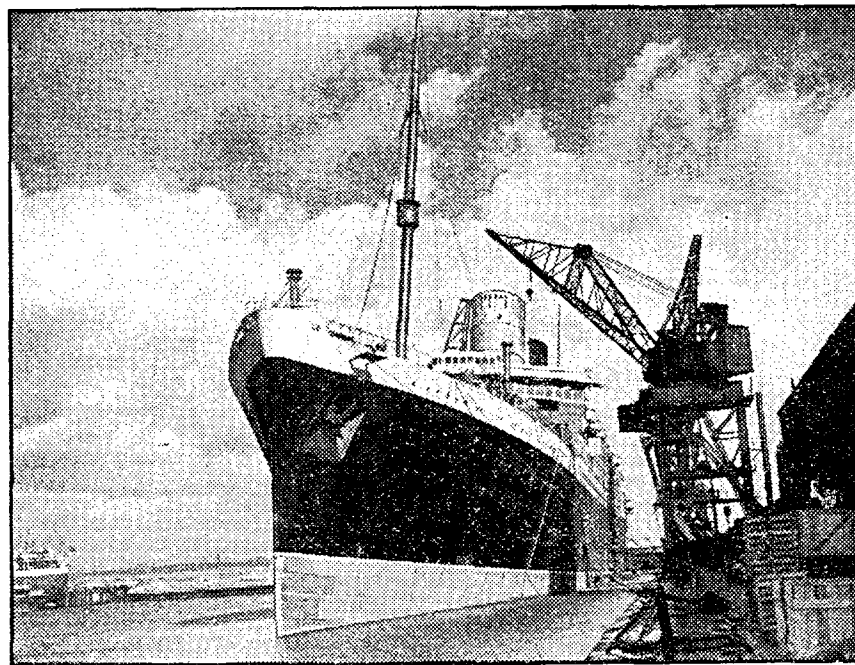
Refugees—Young refugees from Germany who are receiving training in agriculture under the Y M C A scheme at Flint Hall Farm, near Henley



Signs of Spring—New life in the meadows: a charming scene near Leighton Buzzard in Bedfordshire



Tame Platypus—Jill the Platypus feeds from the hand of her keeper in the State Sanctuary of Victoria, Australia. See page 1



The New Mauretania—The beautiful lines of the new Mauretania, which is now nearing completion at Birkenhead. She is to make her maiden voyage on June 17



## GOODBYE TO THE BAD OLD DAYS

### No More Flogging in the Navy

It is not yet sixty years since Mr Gladstone and the Liberal Government were fighting Queen Victoria, who insisted on flogging being retained in the Navy, as it was the only way, she said, of keeping our sailors in order.

It must have caused a shock of surprise to most people to learn that in certain circumstances the right to flog sailors still survives in the Navy. Remembering that flogging as a punishment was abolished for most offences in the Army and Navy in 1881, in spite of the protests of Queen Victoria, it had been supposed that the use of the cat had disappeared entirely from the methods of preserving discipline in the Services. Apparently Queen Victoria had her way to a small extent.

But it is the Admiralty, not public opinion, by which the matter is brought to light. Flogging is still in the law of the Navy, and the Solicitor-General has brought before a Parliamentary Committee the Admiralty's request that it should for ever disappear.

There is a very strange chapter of naval history behind the long survival of this barbaric code. Until last century we had no proper system for manning the Navy. For centuries we relied in time of national danger on men taken from the merchant marine to fight the ships that made and kept our Empire.

#### The Press Gang

The press gangs seized sailors either coming home in merchant ships or found in the ports round the coast. As these numbers did not suffice in time of war, Parliament passed an Act requiring all mayors in the boroughs and sheriffs in the counties to supply men. The civic authorities found a way out of their difficulties by emptying their prisons into the Navy.

Naturally, then, the Navy comprised many rough and desperate characters, criminals from gaols and discontented sailors taken from their well-paid peaceful employment on the merchantmen to serve amid the perils of war for a beggarly wage.

No one in those rough ages could think of a better inducement to discipline than the cat-o'-nine-tails. Disobedience, slovenliness, slowness at work were all subjects for the cat. Men were ordered as many as a thousand lashes; they were in some cases whipped by their own companions, every man on board taking a cut at the offender as he ran the gauntlet, with armed sailors walking before and behind to see that they did not fail. In cases still more extreme an offender was taken by boat and flogged in turn by the sailors of every ship in the fleet. All that Mr Gladstone ended in 1881, now the last relic of the system is to go.

### One Man's Worries

We came upon a stage manager who was taking his worries cheerfully the other day. This is what he has to provide for the Blackpool Drama Festival:

Room in a modern working-class house, complete with furnishings.  
Room in Windsor Castle, 1546.  
Provincial station waiting-room.  
Interior of a Russian Jewish home.  
An Irish cottage garden.  
Drawing-room of a modern flat.  
A mission room in China.  
Interior of a workshop.  
Interior of a village shop.  
A stage on the stage.  
A suburban sitting-room.  
A back kitchen complete with sink.

It is the kind of work hundreds of people are always doing, yet how it would puzzle most of us!

## The Race Between a Poem and a Fact

### POET WINS BY A CENTURY & A HALF

WE are set thinking of a curious thing by the good news that the Government has come to the aid of those little known heroes of the sea, the tramp steamers which carry our flag and help to swell the wealth of the nation and the commerce of trading peoples scattered far and wide.

Owners are to be helped with money, not only to build new steamers, but to restore those still in service.

At the end of the Great War we had the mightiest Navy and, in spite of our heavy losses, the best mercantile marine in the world; but, as always happens after a war, we let our Navy decline in strength, as part of a world-wide movement towards disarmament, and our merchant ships have grown fewer and fewer in number and the industry has been depressed as never before since steam came into use at sea.

But the rot has been stopped. New ships will take the sea, old ones will be strengthened and refitted; we are not to see a repetition of events such as made the Navy of old a national reproach and a shame. It is this aspect of the case that is in our minds, and we are set thinking of a poem which every boy and girl at school knows well—William Cowper's dirge for the loss of the Royal George.

The Royal George was a grand old man-of-war lost at anchor at Spithead with nearly all her 800 officers and men in 1782. The veteran was being careened (that is, heeled to one side) so that her hull might be cleaned, when suddenly she sank.

The poet accepted the verdict of the day, and history has done the same, both agreeing that a wind caught her sails and blew her over so that she capsized. That is not true. The facts were so shocking that the Government dared not published them.

The truth is that this great ship had been so neglected that her timbers were rotten, and the bottom fell out. When she was careened her hull, eaten through and through, simply fell off.

It was one of the most tragic chapters in the history of the sea, and it remains as an extraordinary example of the way in which truth creeps slowly into the minds of men.

## A Flower in a Persian Garden

ALL being well a lovely month's holiday awaits the Earl and Countess of Athlone in Persia (or Iran, as we must call it), where they are expected to stay until the middle of May. The earl as brother of Queen Mary, and his wife as a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, are assured of a glowing welcome, for the names of the two queens have a touch of magic in Persian ears.

There have been great developments in Persia since the present Shah came to power, but ideas change slowly with the rank and file of the nation, among whom linger beliefs unaltered since the days we have been lately reading about, when Mr Wilfrid Sparrow went there 40 years ago to act as tutor to six of the Shah's nephews.

He found that the house allotted to him was a tumbledown palace more than 400 years old, dirty, neglected, and standing in a garden overgrown with

Everybody thought, as William Cowper thought, that this great ship capsized in the wind, and that the drowning of its 800 men was an act of God. It was nothing of the sort; it was an act of man. Thousands of boys and girls have recited Cowper's thrilling verses, but little do they dream as they recite what lay behind this great calamity.

This is what Cowper wrote:

*A land breeze shook the shrouds,  
And she was overset;*

*Down went the Royal George  
With all her crew complete.*

*It was not in the battle,  
No tempest gave the shock;*

*She sprang no fatal leak,  
She ran upon no rock.*

*His sword was in the sheath,  
His fingers held the pen,*

*When Kempfenfelt went down,  
With twice four hundred men.*

*Her timbers yet are sound,  
And she may float again,*

*Full charged with England's thunder,  
And plough the distant main.*

*But Kempfenfelt is gone,  
His victories are o'er;*

*And he and his eight hundred  
Must plough the wave no more.*

The fact is that the truth was known when Cowper wrote these thrilling verses, but the truth was hidden from the people because the Government was afraid to make it known. The gallant Kempfenfelt commanded a ship so decayed that she fell to pieces under him, and the horrible truth was told by the survivors to Admiralty officers who heard their painful evidence in secret. It was the popular idea of the wreck that Cowper put into his poem, and the Government was willing that the truth should not be known. A century and a half have passed, and so powerful has been the impression of the poet's picture on our minds that the truth, creeping slowly, has not yet caught it up. It is a lesson for the men who write official reports; if they want them to be known, let them leave it to the poet!

In this race between the Poem and the Fact the poem has won easily, and the CN tells of it all today to give the fact another chance.

## LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE

### The Radium Detector

Though finding a needle in a bottle of hay is no light task, finding eight needles somewhere between Newcastle and the ancient city of Durham was even harder, and would certainly have been hopeless but for a wonderful instrument mentioned in the CN a year ago.

Today specially made radium detectors costing great sums of money are available for use in hospitals, but a little while ago the only one of its kind in the world was one made for five shillings by Dr S. F. Evans, a north of England physician. His radium detector comprised a cocoa tin, a neon lamp, and a broomstick, but with it he led the way to an instrument capable of helping doctors to find lost radium.

What happened at Durham recently was that a woman who had had eight radium needles strapped to her side by a Newcastle doctor returned to Durham with loose bandages. The needles had been lost on the way, and as they were worth about £100 search was made at once. The radium detector was brought into use, the instrument which gives a curious sound as soon as it is brought near radium. Three of the radium needles were soon found on the floor, but others were searched for in vain. Then one more was found where no one had thought of looking. The operator of the detector noticed that the apparatus "clucked" every time the patient who had lost the radium entered the room, and under her foot he found the fourth of the lost needles.

## The Old Ladies With the Red Bows

Mrs J. D. Lynch of Prestatyn, who for 70 years has lived by the sea, went to sea for the first time in her life the other day, wearing a neat little red bow in her coat lapel. She sailed for New York to meet her 80-year-old sister, whom she has not seen for over 50 years; and the red bow was the agreed signal of identity.

## The Great War Goes On

Here is one more story of the Great War. In 1916 Mr J. Marshall, of Sunnybrown, County Durham, was wounded on the Somme. He has just passed safely through his 27th operation and been provided with his 20th artificial limb. Mr Marshall devotes all his spare time to voluntary work for disabled comrades who are even worse off than himself.

### Our Cars

Over 435,000 motor vehicles were built in 1938, and motor goods to the value of £18,000,000 were exported during the year. In Great Britain Radnorshire and Rutlandshire have the smallest number of cars, both with little more than a thousand; while Yorkshire has the biggest number, its 152,000 beating Lancashire by over ten thousand.

## The Tree Planters

There was a pleasant little ceremony outside the splendid new block of flats recently completed at Salford Brow, Manchester, the other day. Every child living in the flats planted a tree outside its home, and then the Lord Mayor came along with buns and chocolate for the little gardeners.

## Where There's a Will

In Lewes Hospital lies John Richardson. He is 23 and paralysed, but he has an indomitable spirit, and we heard the other day that he is writing beautiful letters to his friends by holding a pencil between his teeth.



## HELPING THE 800

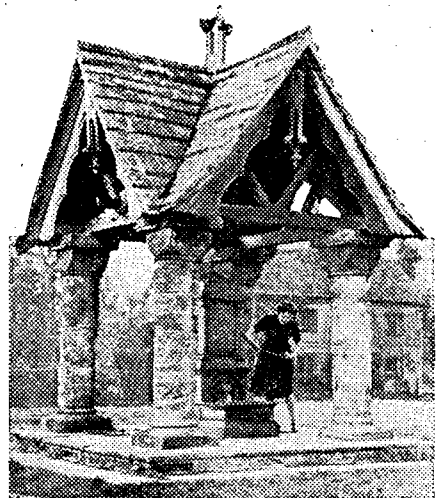
When 800 men, women, and children were faced with want in the little village of Aylmer in Quebec the other day, the Provincial Government having stopped their unemployed relief work, the villagers put their heads together to see what was to be done about it.

The 800 were told to come to the fire station, where the firemen distributed tons of vegetables donated by the farmers in the district, groceries and meat given by the storekeepers, and other provisions provided by various firms, as well as wood from the village woodyard.

## THE CAT AND THE EAGLE

A cat was stalking sparrows in a field in the mountainous country near Brusa, Asia Minor. It did not know that eyes were watching it from the sky and that it was itself being stalked.

A huge eagle swooped down to the field, gripped hold of the cat, and carried it 400 feet into the sky. Then, finding it was too heavy, it dropped it. Some villagers ran to help the cat, and found that, except for a broken leg, it was only slightly injured. It has now recovered.



Drawing water from the well at Ockley in Surrey

## PUFF PUFF

Tears streaming down her cheeks, a mite of three wandered along the road, clasping her doll and looking up pitifully at the passers-by. She was on the road from Wick, lost.

People stopped to question her, but she could not give her name. She could not say where she lived. She did not know the street. At last one of the friendly folk who had gathered round said, "What does Daddy do?"

"Puff, puff," was the reply.

It was enough. Inquiries were made at the station and all was well.

## A LETTER TO LORD BALDWIN

Kind hearts are more than countries, it seems, for a little German girl may think of others as warmly as any little English girl.

Lord Baldwin's effort to raise money for refugees by a sale at Christie's has brought him a gift and a letter. The gift is a quaint doll. The letter is a quaint piece of writing from a German girl who is now in England. This is what she has written:

Right Honourable Lord Baldwin.

I have English from my uncle in Frankfurt a/M gelernt. He was once a harem-cutter in London. I am ten year old and am in England since Januar. I send you a very old doll for your Christie Sale for Refugees. It is very old and was from my greatmama gegiven. In England I have no fear and all peoples are kind. Thank you best. Lisa Wolf.

## THE SCOUT POLE

A Scout's pole is said to have 150 uses, and the Mayor of Warrington has discovered another. With a pin fixed in the end it is useful for picking up litter. This is all part of the story of a group of Warrington Boy Scouts who are to act as street tidiers, formed after the mayor had been talking about litter.

## Greater Love Hath No Man Than This

This story was told the other day by a missionary from the Tropics.

High on a mountainside overlooking a great lake a white monument commemorates a very gallant deed.

A white man living in the mountains used to come down every day to bathe in the lake, leaving his clothes in the charge of his dog. One day when far out in the lake he heard the dog barking frantically and, looking back, saw it running about excitedly at the water's edge, staring at something in the water behind him. Turning his head to see what it was, the bather's heart nearly stood still, for coming towards him was a huge crocodile! He struck out vigorously for the shore, but knew he had no

chance against his powerful pursuer. This his dog realised too, and, uttering an anguished cry, it sprang into the lake and started to swim out, not to its master but straight to the great beast.

Dogs have an instinctive dread of crocodiles, but this one never stopped barking until it had attracted the reptile's attention from its master to itself, and then it still went on bravely to meet the horrible death that awaited it.

Safe on shore the man saw a red stain spreading upon the lake, the life-blood of his loyal dog which had died to save him. Back again in England, he had the story carved on a fine marble monument, which he set up in the hills looking over the waters.

## HE SENT GOOD NEWS

All along the line ran the news on November 11, 1918, that the war had ended. An armistice was proclaimed at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, and the man who flashed the word by telegraph was Edward Morris, an American.

He has now passed on after a long illness, but we think that in his last hours he would be thinking of the thrilling message which stirred every man on the Western Front and every human being in the world that morning. Few men have ever had the privilege of giving the world a happier piece of news than Edward Morris.

## A COPY OF A FAMOUS TOMB

Tutankhamen's tomb has a rival in the city of Hull, where Mr Tom Shepard has added to the city's wonders by building an imitation tomb behind Wilberforce House, the museum which was the home of William Wilberforce.

In Hull's copy of the most famous tomb in the world is furniture carefully designed after the original in Cairo. The copies in wood and plaster have cost about a thousand pounds; and Hull may well be proud of its model, for scholars may see here for themselves something of the marvellous skill of the old craftsmen who laid Tutankhamen to rest amid unparalleled splendour.

## BEATING ALL THE COWS

In these days of records it is not surprising to hear that a cow has broken one. She is Cherry, the Wiltshire Short-horn cow which recently beat the British and the world records for a year's yield of milk. Now she has beaten even her own record, for she is the first cow known to have yielded more than 4000 gallons of milk in a year.

## FINMEOOT

A C N reader who was out for a stroll on Clydeside in Scotland the other day discovered a little hamlet hidden away on a narrow side road.

The little row of miner's cottages was quite cut off from the rest of the world, and the quaint hamlet's name seemed most appropriate. It was Finmeoot (Find-me-out).

## MRS COOK IN A TUB

How Mrs Russell Cook, of Alexandra Down, away up in the Northern Territory of Australia, must have laughed the other day when she arrived at her sheep station in a bath tub!

She left Mount Isa for home in an aeroplane, but as it was the rainy season all the paddocks were flooded and so the machine could only land four miles from the homestead. A flooded river had to be negotiated, and the only means of crossing it, as there were no boats of any kind, was in an old bath. The plug was stuffed up, two empty casks fastened to either end, and Mrs Cook, surrounded by her luggage, climbed into the strange craft and set off home across the river towed by strong swimmers.

## LITTLE MALCOLM

Sir Malcolm Campbell is used to travelling long distances and at high speeds, but little Malcolm Heath, who is only eight, has not had so much experience. For him to ride 20 miles alone was really a great achievement.

He did it the other day, and it was to surprise his father. Getting up early, without a word to anyone, he rode off from Seacroft to York. Along the high-road he went, crossing the Great North Road a little before he reached Tadcaster, and on till he arrived in the white-walled capital, where he went straight to the house in which he knew he would find his father. The journey took him about three hours, and little Malcolm has good reason to be proud of it, for it was done on a toy cycle.

## PRIVATE SCHOOLS

Few people realise how many private schools still exist in England and Wales. We hear that there are 10,000 schools of which the Board of Education "knows nothing," with pupils numbering half a million.

## CRABS FAR FROM HOME

French naturalists are worried because some crabs from the Far East have settled in the English Channel near the coast of France and are driving the fish away. It is believed that the crab attaches itself to the hulls of ships and makes a joy ride from China waters. It first appeared in Europe in 1912, and it feeds on fish, shrimps, and sea plants in estuaries and canal waters. Scientists know it as *Eriocheis sinensis*.



A new metal figure of St Paul, by Mr Austin Crompton-Roberts, on the railings of St Paul's Underground Station in London

## SAVING PENNIES

A contemporary tells us that London children do not save as many pennies as they used to do.

Eight years ago, it seems, there were 197 penny savings banks in the L.C.C. elementary schools, with deposits of £5967. Now there are only 130 banks, and the deposits have decreased to £2685.

But this is only part of the story. The number of children in London schools has so greatly fallen that there are not so many children to save pennies. This is partly due to the great fall in the number of children born, and partly to the great exodus of children out of L.C.C. London into the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex.

## RAIN AT KALGOORLIE

A C N reader in Kalgoorlie writes to tell us of the terrific rainstorms that were experienced not long ago in this desert land of Australia.

Never since the West was settled had it seen such rain. Boats had to be used in the heart of deserts, so that along waterways hundreds of years old craft of all kinds and rafts made their way. In one month alone more rain fell than in the whole normal year.

## A WALK IN A SEWER

Our mayors and lord mayors are called upon for all sorts of jobs during their terms of office. The other day the Lord Mayor of Manchester took a mile and a half walk 60 feet below the ground through a section of Manchester's main sewer.

## WEATHER MEN ABOVE THE CLOUDS

When we hear the weather report given out on the wireless we are apt to take it all for granted; yet the information is the result of details collected by unwearying watchfulness.

One important source is the Meteorological Flight of the R.A.F. Every day, no matter what the weather, the pilots take off from Mildenhall in Suffolk and climb to 25,000 feet. Their planes are equipped with delicate weather-recording instruments, and on alighting the information so gathered is sent to the Air Ministry. Frequently in winter the pilots encounter at great heights temperatures of 80 degrees below freezing point.

The Meteorological Flight has been doing this work since 1924. The last time a flight was cancelled was in November 1936, and since that time there is an unbroken record of more than 1500 weather flights.

## WHO WANTS ONE?

We have come upon this pathetic advertisement in the Agony Column of a fishing journal:

Young man who has inherited 150 stuffed fish from grandfather wishes to sell. Specimens from Californian, Australian, South African, and Scottish waters. No reasonable offer refused.

## THE PAPER WAY

If the archaeologists of the future happen to dig up a certain road near Leeds they may find that it has a foundation of brown paper.

The road is to be one of the finest tree-lined thoroughfares near the city. First of all it is dug out to the required depth and a layer of ashes put down. This is about four inches thick, and over it come layers of thick brown paper smeared with tar: the paper is strengthened with linen. Then come two inches of concrete, then a wire mesh, then seven inches of concrete, and then what is known as a topping of asphalt.

## THE KILT

It is nearly 30 years since the kilt has been seen in New Zealand, and now the good news has come that a new New Zealand Scottish regiment is to be formed which will bring the kilt back to the most Scottish of all the Dominions.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 15 1939

## Those Shelters

THE air-raid shelters are being rapidly delivered, and many stories are told of their reception in poor districts.

Thus we have a great tale from Islington. A reporter called on Mrs H, who was rejoicing in the possession of one of Sir John Anderson's shelters. *Why did she rejoice? The answer is important.*

She was pleased, not because she feared air raids, but for a purely domestic reason; here it is in her own words:

*The shelter in the backyard will come in splendidly as a bathroom for the baby; at present we have to carry water up all these stairs!*

What a lesson is here for statesmen and politicians! Mrs H is not so much troubled about war as about peace. Her home, like that of millions more, has no bathroom, and she has "to carry water up all these stairs." It is a thought that brings a smile that changes to a tear. No one worries about Mrs H in Peace, but in Fear our statesmen provide her with a shelter.

We see how all-important it is to rid the world of Fear, so that millions can have good bathrooms and nice kitchens and ample living room, with a real garden. What a reproach it is to think that the "backyards" in many cases are so small as to be almost filled by the air-raid shelters!

A battleship costs £10,000,000. A nice cottage costs £500. Divide £500 into £10,000,000, and we see that a battleship is the price of 20,000 nice cottages, in which 80,000 or 100,000 men, women, and children could be happy. Or take the £580,000,000 we are spending this year on Defence. It is the price of 1,160,000 cottages which might re-house over 5,000,000 people.

The time *will* come, the time *must* come, when we can put aside Fear and rejoice in abundance.

## Listening to Dictators

WITH so much criticism of the BBC being vital to the welfare of the people, it seems a pity to criticise it for its ingenuity in making the news of the world as interesting as possible.

The poorest criticism we have seen is that which indicts the BBC of hidden motives or sensationalism because it gives us records of the actual speeches of Dictators.

We should have thought the entire public of listeners would be grateful for this—surely no more of a departure than a picture in a newspaper, and much more interesting. If we are to know more of one another in these days what could be better than that we should listen to the world's statesmen speaking, and that they should know that we are listening?



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## This Strange Thing is Always Happening

No less than £49,000,000 is required in the new financial year for non-contributory Old Age Pensions, an increase of £800,000 on last year. There is also an increase in contributory pensions.

It is a deeply interesting social matter. As the nation grows older the number of Old Age Pensions increases and the nation's bill for paying them must rise year by year. In not many years' time it will be over £100,000,000 a year, although the population as a whole will be smaller and therefore less able to meet the payments.

We live in times of rapid change. This makes acquired knowledge deceptive, for we are not safe in assuming that any fact today is what we remember it to have been ten years ago. We have constantly to re-inform ourselves! It is a strange thing that is always happening nowadays.

## To One at 10 Downing Street

WE honour thee, threescore and ten,  
Who, set apart from other men,  
To still the sword by voice and pen,  
Hoary, honoured, man of men,  
Bring loveliness to Earth again.

Israel Kirk

## So End All Quarrels

THIS story reaches us of a man from a British submarine who was on shore at Nice in the south of France last year, when a quarrel arose with a taximan.

The case was taken into court, and the taxi-driver was condemned to a short imprisonment, while the victim was awarded £80 damages.

Our submarines have again been in Nice, and our sailor has hunted up the taximan and, on learning that he is really a poor man, has declined to enforce his claim to the £80 awarded. Also he invited the whole family to come and have tea with him on board the submarine.

## The Old Umbrella

DEAR EDITOR, At fourteen years old Mr Chamberlain's umbrella is a mere child. You ask how many men carry the umbrellas their wives have given them. Should you ask how many men carry umbrellas their fathers gave them I can tell you of one.

I am one of the C N's elder children. I shall soon be sixty. For just half my life I have used regularly an umbrella left me by my father. I do not know how long he had it before he left it to me. He died in August 1909. If it rains tomorrow I shall put that umbrella up, and I hope it will keep me dry for many more years to come yet.

I do not suppose this is a record, but it would be interesting to hear what can beat it. FRANK TACON.

## Daffodils Are Dancing

Daffodils are dancing in the way.  
And my dog Rags is just brimful of play.

From out our lilac tree  
New-born buds are peeping:  
They are keeping  
Wonder-sights for me.

Blackbirds chant a music rich and rare:  
Everywhere

Prophecy and singing thrill the air.  
Egbert Sandford

Why Three People Gave Up the C N  
THREE readers have given up the C N this week:

1. Because it supports Hitler.
2. Because it opposes Hitler.
3. Because it declared that "it is not the right of a citizen to demand something of the State but his duty to do something for it."

## JUST AN IDEA

The people of the world may be divided into two classes, someone has said: those who wish to do as they like with themselves, and those who wish to do as they like with others.

## Under the Editor's Table

AN amateur gardener says his garden often sets him a problem. He can always turn it up in a book.

TALL men are dignified. Ride a high horse.

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL is thinking of dividing Essex in two. It won't be half bad.

MANY a boy when he quarrels insists on holding out. Not his hand.

A PROFESSIONAL singer says he weighed up the chances of success. The scales were in his favour.

WOMEN artists are holding their own. But would prefer to hang them on the walls.

OLDER people are pleased that past fashions are returning. Feel they are getting their own back.

Peter Puck  
Wants  
To Know

If gardeners like  
to nip things in  
the bud



## THE FLAG

YE mariners of England  
That guard our native seas,  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years

The battle and the breeze,  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe,  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

THE spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave,  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave;  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

BRITANNIA needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

THE meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn;  
Till danger's troubled night depart  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors,  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name  
When the storm has ceased to blow;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell

## A Note From Bendigo

This little note was in the C N postbag the other day, without a name, posted at Bendigo in the Australian State of Victoria.

I HAVE been reading the C N since it started. I thought it would be interesting to you to see a few photographs of the so-called Desert Country, the Arid Area, and the Unknown Interior. You will be able to form a different opinion after studying these lovely scenes. This ill-named part of Australia is a scenic paradise, with plenty of water in places and plenty of water below the beds of what once were big rivers. If our big cities do all in their power to prevent the occupation of these places, could you persuade the so-called foreign peoples to come here and settle down and make a population there?

If other countries have too much population there are millions of acres going waste here, with much soil carried away but very much soil left. Courage is wanted in men who are not afraid to leave the slums of the cities—that's all.

## Out of the Deep

Out of the deep a shadow,  
Then a spark;  
Out of the cloud a silence,  
Then a lark;  
Out of the heart a rapture,  
Then a pain;  
Out of the dead cold ashes  
Life again.

John Tabb



## THE SEVEN CLOCKS OF GREENWICH

### And the Really Right Time

Summer Time is close at hand and the most trustworthy person in the house will be putting the clocks on.

It is easy to set them just right now that we have the BBC and T.M. to help, but in one place the clocks will not be altered, and that is the abode of high authority which gives us Greenwich Time.

The astronomers have a much higher standard of accuracy in time than common people, and it would never do to tamper needlessly with the Observatory's seven clocks.

Wonderful clocks they are, which a clockmaker of genius, Mr Shortt, made and supplied to Greenwich, as he also afterwards supplied one or more of them to all the important observatories of the world.

#### Clocks in Airtight Cases

The first Shortt clock did not vary a 300th of a second a day. Greenwich Observatory time is reckoned by taking the mean of the seven clocks, and may be said not to alter by one second a year. But even this is not good enough for astronomers, because a spell of cloudy weather may affect the timekeeping of all seven clocks by altering the length of their pendulums. This might seem impossible to anyone who has watched the wonderful mechanism of the Shortt clock at the Science Museum, and who remembers that the clocks at the Observatory are kept in airtight cases at a constant temperature.

But there the difficulty is. Shortt clocks are pendulum clocks, the swing of the pendulum regulated and the removal of friction guaranteed with marvellous ingenuity. Even the lengthening of the pendulum by the stretching of the steel is allowed for, but there is always some fragment of possible error left to haunt the astronomer's mind.

It seems that it must always be so while time depends on the swing of the pendulum, though till lately nothing was more likely to be just right. But now astronomers are beginning to consider the quartz clock. The action of this depends on squeezing the faces of a quartz crystal by the electric pressure of an alternating current.

#### Better Than the Pendulum

This pressure sets up vibrations in the crystal which can be more exactly reckoned than the swings of any pendulum, which are vibrations of another kind. These vibrations rightly regulated are like waves passing through the crystal and coming back again by reflection at the rate of as many as 100,000 times a second.

This is the instrument, a very complicated and expensive one, with which it is hoped to beat the pendulum. One is installed at the Reichsanstalt in Berlin which does not vary by a 500th of a second in a year, or a 10-millionth of a second in a day.

It is five times as trustworthy as the pendulum clocks, and so accurate that it has revealed a daily variation in a pendulum clock due to the attraction of the moon. The pendulum is affected, but not quartz.

This sort of accuracy is what the astronomer means by the right time.

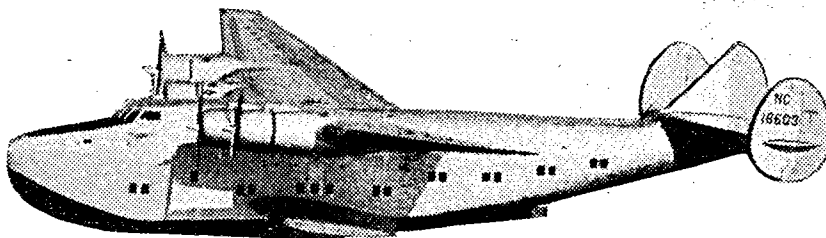
## The Writing on the Wall

John Huss, the religious reformer of Bohemia, who was martyred in 1415, had a motto which is engraved on the house in which he was born. It runs:

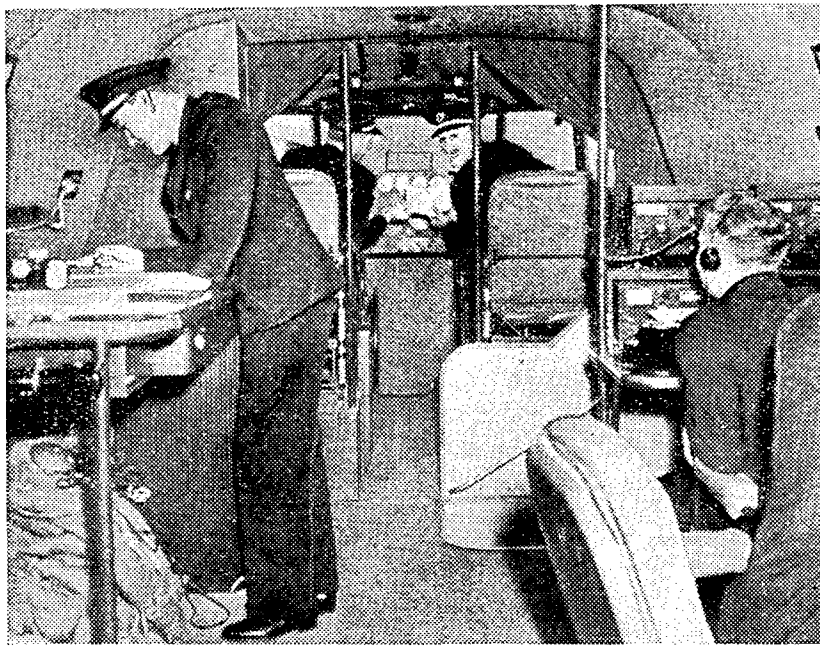
*Love the truth  
Speak the truth  
Defend the truth  
Hear the truth*

We wonder whether Bohemia's new master will leave this motto on the wall.

## Transatlantic Airliner



Yankee Clipper of Pan-American Airways which has recently crossed the Atlantic with 21 men on board



The crew in their working quarters on the Yankee Clipper. On the left is the navigator, then two pilots, and on the right is the wireless operator

## What Now, United Spain?

MANY problems beset the path of Spain now that her civil war has come at last to an end.

She has to rebuild her ruined lives and shattered cities, to harmonise ancient enmities into present sympathy and cooperation, and to take her place, we hope, in the ranks of united peoples.

Two examples, one English, the other Spanish, may be commended to her. After the Restoration in England Cromwell's army of 50,000 men had to be immediately disbanded, and it was feared that with so great a number of men, trained to arms, suddenly thrown on the world many would be driven by poverty and suffering to begging from door to door, or worse.

Macaulay has left us a very different picture of what actually happened. In a few months there remained not a trace, he says, to indicate that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed that in every department of honest industry the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men, that none was charged with any theft or robbery, that none was heard to ask alms, and that if a baker, a mason, or a wagoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety he was in all probability one of Oliver's old soldiers.

The Spanish example is afforded by Luis Ponce de Leon, a contemporary of Shakespeare and Cervantes. The

greatest writer of Spanish prose of his age, and the author of poems still ranking among the world's lyrical masterpieces, he was professor of theology at Salamanca University. Involved in religious disputes, he was falsely said to be of Jewish descent and to have interpreted the Scriptures according to Hebrew traditions, two deadly offences in the Spain of the Inquisition.

He retorted on his chief opponent, Leon de Castro, Greek professor at the same university, by denouncing his teaching as heretical, and threatening to burn a treatise by Castro. Matters developed until it was found that Luis had translated parts of the Bible into Castilian and distributed it among the people—and that was an Inquisition matter, for the poor were not allowed to have Bibles to read.

So the persecuted scholar was taken before the Inquisition, and, in constant fear of his life, kept a prisoner for four years. Then, his enemies failing to convict him, he was released. Back he went to his lecture hall to his old place before his devoted students.

He made no mention of enmities; of charges against him or sufferings borne by him, but, resuming where he had left off more than 50 months before, he started his lecture with the words, "Gentlemen, as we were saying the other day . . ."

That is the Spanish spirit to enable Spain to heal her woes.

## The Gecko That Splits Its Skin

THE oldest of backboneed animals on land, reptiles still have something new to teach us.

They and their nearest allies, the amphibia, seem, for example, the only creatures apart from man to understand the importance of compressed air as an aid to safety and the normal processes of existence.

How this helps is shown by a lizard from Asia, called the Turkestan gecko, newly arrived at the London Zoo, which has a peculiar way of ridding itself of its

old skin. Most lizards shed the worn-out skin in patches, a delayed process that must extend the period during which the reptile is below par and less fit to maintain itself against its enemies.

This gecko, however, when the time comes for it to drop its covering, takes deep breaths and blows itself up until the skin splits right down the back and can be cast away quickly and entire. Then the lizard is at once ready for action, with its vitality as high, apparently, as ever.

## FIVE BOYS LOOK AT RUSSIA

### A Memorable Holiday

*Can you manage to make a journey like this compulsory for all boys of today who will eventually become Prime Ministers?*

Letter to the Editor

Last summer five boys and one master from Bryanston School, Blandford, went to Soviet Russia for their holidays, and the other day they gave the public a chance to share their impressions.

The voice of youth, said the chairman, is the voice we should listen to about Russia, for it is only young people who have not yet grown too fond of their comfort who can get a clear view of her.

Travelling third class, the party found everyone wonderfully helpful and friendly, eager to talk and to share what they had with their guests.

#### The Ten-Year School

Francis Townshend, aged 16, gave his impression of Russian schools. The fact that the Ten-Year School (for pupils from 8 to 18) is the accepted form of public education he found admirable. Six of every ten of the graduates of these schools go on to the universities, where even room and board are free for those who come from the country. The schools he found cramped, and the work in science seemed to be about a year behind standard; but, on the other hand, the children have a wider acquaintance with the literature of other countries than have children here, and they take a keener interest in art and languages.

The things the Russian children found difficult to believe about English schools were the separation of boys and girls, the system of school fees, and our lack of knowledge of the poems of Pushkin!

David Kentish, aged 15, gave his impressions of the artistic and cultural life of the Soviet Union. Never, he said, does he expect to see a better Shakespearean production than their Much Ado About Nothing.

The women's clothes he found shapeless, but thought they made up for it by being clean and colourful. The English shoes called forth many inquiries; leather shortage makes shoes a problem for many there, just as a shortage of paint makes many buildings look shabby.

The third speaker, David Oldham, aged 16, reported on "Things I did on my own." This young man refused to be organised, and rambled about by himself in trams and trolleybuses, talking with the people he met through interpreters he picked up as he went. He visited people in their homes, went over a military radio station and a naval dockyard, talked with peasants, workers, officers, and men of the Red Army.

#### Contented People

Among comments that have stuck in his memory are these:

Life is good, Comrade, life is good! said a shop assistant.

We have no quarrel with anyone, said a Red Army man.

Every year things get better and better, said another shop assistant.

Talking to some farm labourers at a café he learned that they earned about 42s a week. "Then why don't you dress better?" he asked them; "in England no one in your position would go out without a collar and tie."

"But we don't like collars and ties," they said.

How could people so fond of liberty endure a Dictator? the boy wondered.

"We are secure, contented, and happy, so why not?" his friends answered. "Besides, you can't properly call Stalin a Dictator; he is like a figure-head; he represents the views of the majority of the people."

Mr Derek Wigram, the master in charge of the party, considers that their trip was in every way a success. The Soviet Union is, he says, the most interesting country in the world today.



# THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN

## Pretty Things From the Leisure Hours of Long Ago

ON the Editor's table lay a little time ago one of the prettiest fancies to amuse a child that anyone could imagine. It looked at first no more than a picture in bright water-colours of a cottage with a green lawn, and a bridge with a stream at its foot; and a door with a knocker between the cottage windows. It was all enclosed in a circle, and the knocker on closer scrutiny turned out to be a loop of black thread.

Round about the picture, written in faded ink, was something which read like an invitation to lift the knocker, or pull the thread, and see what will be found. When one does so, very carefully, the whole cottage, which we now see was drawn in circular lines and painted over, is lifted up into a sort of beehive birdcage. The cottage, doors and windows and all, is resolved into fine lines of paper, like wires, which when we lift the latch open out into the shape of an old-fashioned mouse-trap, like the one in the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds of the kitten-faced little girl he named Muscipula, the Latin word for a mouse-trap. She holds just such a mouse-trap in her hands.

The fine writing round the picture, as well as the mouse-trap, itself hints



Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting of Muscipula

plainly at the days when the ingenious toy occupied someone's hours of leisure. We think it must have been the careful and much-enjoyed work of some lady of the old school

*Who lived in that past Georgian day  
When they were less inclined to say  
That Time is Gold, and overlay  
With toil their pleasure.*

Nowadays nobody has time to make such knick-knacks, and only by

chance are they preserved, laid by in lavender in old houses or households, where Aunt Julia kept it by her because she had been given it long before by old Grandmamma Placid. Sometimes these relics, with some thin ghost of past perfume about them, find their way into antique shops; rarely into museums.

Nevertheless, museums, even the big important ones, and more often smaller country museums, do preserve things which are witnesses, like the mouse-trap, of days of boundless leisure and tireless industry. How many millions of hours have been spent by women in plying the needle throughout the centuries? Tom Hood wrote the tragedy of it in *The Song of the Shirt*, but the art and poetry of it are preserved in thousands of homes; and the museums display its masterpieces.

We need go no farther than the Victoria and Albert to wonder and admire. English ladies have been past mistresses of the art since the days of the Confessor. The Bayeux Tapestry was the pleasant toil of Norman ladies, and Norman and Saxon went on stitch-stitch-stitching the arms of their menfolk, and the hangings of my lady's bower, through the centuries of the Crusades and the battles of Crecy and Poitiers, and before and after the Armada came and went.

### Three Queens and Their Beautiful Needlework

QUEEN ELIZABETH was a needlewoman, and the unhappy Queen of Scots wiled away the dreary hours of her captivity in England with stitchings and embroideries as beautiful as they were endless. The work of both queens remains to tell the tale; and at the London Museum is a needlework bag by another queen, Mary the wife of Dutch William. She worked the portraits of herself and her husband on the bag in beads, with a motto which she spelt wrongly. Her needlework was undoubtedly better than her spelling.

The centuries as they follow one another reveal the changes in needlework fashion. Brodered caps and headdresses, coverlets, hangings, and pillowcases display the "Needle's Excellency" of Elizabeth's day, when the art was at its finest. Then comes a falling away in Stuart times, when the art grew more elaborate, with bead work and stump work; and then a revival through the 18th century of tent-stitch and cross-stitch, long-stitch and petit point, which have again been revived in our own time.

All this can be seen, and much more, at South Kensington and the London Museum; bags and purses from those which the nobleman and the rich merchant carried, down to the stocking purses with a ring in the middle which the young ladies of Becky Sharp's day crocheted and carried; samplers and doll's clothes and hats—we cannot enumerate them all. But some of the oddest doll's dresses are at the London Museum.

They clothe penny Dutch dolls, and were cut out and stitched by Fraulein Lehzen, the governess, to amuse her charge, the little daughter of the Duchess of Kent, who became Queen Victoria. The princess made a number of them, and the dolls represent ladies of the Court. Among them is a pretty one who, beginning as plain Mrs Pinkin, ended her triumphant career at her fourth marriage as Duchess of Parma.

### Toy Theatres and Their Little Cardboard Characters

WE must linger no longer among the needlework, and only glance at the elaborate doll's houses and Noah's Arks which were home-made by the busy fingers of the gentle unemployed. To a later period belong the toy theatres, of which there are some imposing examples at the Victoria and Albert; and the earliest of these, with the characters cut out of cardboard or pasted on to it, were made about the time of the revival of the Valentine. To that day, when the most elaborate lace patterns were cut out of paper, it is just possible that the Editor's mouse-trap can be assigned, though we think it was earlier.

Flowers and ornamental and ingenious designs cut out of paper were the descendants of the earlier fashion of "rolled paper" decoration. It began in the middle of the 17th and lasted till the end of the 18th century, and was itself a revival of late medieval decoration in papyrus and parchment. There are some astonishing examples of it at the London Museum, including coats-of-arms worked by the ladies of noble houses, and a humbler picture of a cottage. But the number of uses to which rolled or curled paper work was put is endless. When tea-drinking came in tea-caddies thus ornamented were made at home by the thousand, and scores of them survive.

### Things Made by the Busy Fingers of the Fireside

PICTURES made of curled paper scrolls were less common, but they also can be seen in the museum, competing with coloured straw-work pictures and straw-work marqueterie. Then spice boxes painted at home came in, and the Tunbridge boxes of patterned wood, such as still are made at Tunbridge Wells, not only found their way into the home as workboxes, but were imitated there.

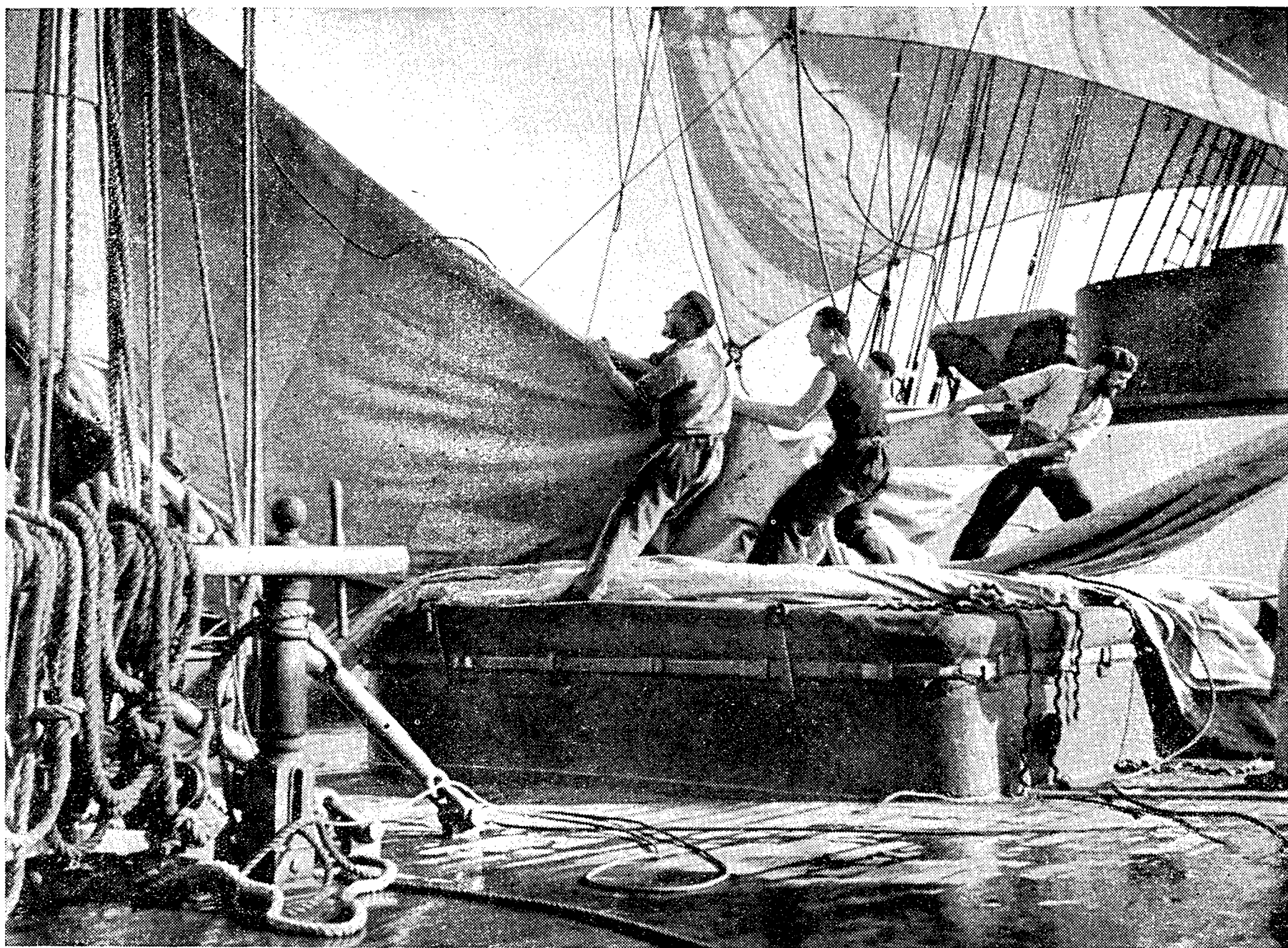
It is not easy to say where the shop-made article ended and the home work began; but we believe that the busy fingers of the English fireside did most of these pretty things that have lasted to show us today what the "leisure hour" meant. Among them is much of the home-made, hand-fashioned woodwork for knitting-needle sheaths, for nut-crackers, for apple scoops, and even for those coyly named "love spoons." It is fortunate that the museums have kept many of them for us to see.



GIANT TELESCOPE

The erection of the huge telescope at Mount Palomar Observatory in California is nearly completed although the 200-inch mirror will not be ready until 1940





LIFE ON A WINDJAMMER

Several of the old windjammers are now making their yearly voyage with grain from Australia. This picture, taken on the Finnish barque Olivebank, shows members of the crew bringing down an old mainsail which is to be replaced, an operation sometimes necessary four times during a single voyage if rough weather is encountered

## The Cuckoos Arrive in Europe

In April cuckoos are on the move. In Asia they are flying up the Himalayas from the Indian plains; and they are beginning to arrive in Europe after their long flight from South Africa

It is not in Asia and Africa alone that the cuckoos stir in April toward their summer haunts. Cuckoos are almost worldwide in distribution, and in the Antipodes, where the seasons are opposite to our own, the birds move away from the scenes of their summer activities just as those of the northern hemisphere begin theirs.

Nearly every species of cuckoo then on the wing toward a nesting site is a parasite. The nest that it will seek will be none of its own making, but that of some bird upon which it will impose its eggs.

The plan pursued by the cuckoo is well known to us all, yet it remains one of the greatest marvels in Nature. Cuckoos, in the bulk of the species, do not mate permanently and share the labour of family rearing. The female may have mate after mate, so there is no one bird which can halve with her the responsibility of building, brooding, and rearing. She lays about 20 eggs in the course of our summer, and for those she must invade twenty separate nests of other birds.

In each she lays one egg, or, if she does not actually lay it there, she carries it from where she has laid it and deposits it in the place where she knows it will be brooded. So many species of birds are victimised in this

way (some 80 kinds of luckless birds are known) that the legend runs that the cuckoo adapts each egg, in size, shape, and colour, to the chosen nest.

The fact is that the cuckoo which comes from a robin's nest returns with her eggs to other robins' nests; so with those which have issued from a whitethroat's nest, sedge warbler's, wagtail's, pipit's. Each female remembers the type of nest from which she has come; and she goes back for her egg-laying, as an adult, to the nest of the same species of bird.

### Deceiving the Owners

Whatever the bird on which the trick is played the intruding egg exactly matches those amid which it is placed. It seems to be the rule that the cuckoo, on placing her own egg in a nest, realises that the owners have a sense of numbers, and that their suspicions are aroused if, leaving five eggs on flying from the nest, they find six upon returning, or whatever the number may be, so she is careful to withdraw one egg as she drops her own into the nursery, and the homecoming birds find the total of eggs unchanged.

In due course the eggs hatch, cuckoo and foster-kin, all the birds naked and helpless. Within 36 hours the cuckoo

baby waxes strong and instinctively pugnacious. It gets itself beneath the bodies of the other nestlings and thrusts them out of the cradle. Probably it is endowed with a sense of discomfort in the presence of other naked bodies next its own, and is impelled to push the irritating presence as far as possible from itself.

But the foster-parents of the little cuckoo witness the tragedy. They see their own babies sprawling helpless and dying around the nest, yet they make no attempt to repair the outrage. They leave their own chicks where they lie and madly devote themselves to feeding the slayer of their little ones. They hate the adult cuckoos, yet foster the young strangers, feeding them day after day till the babies are huge enough to eat the foragers.

The actual parents of the baby cuckoo take no notice, as far as has been traced. The interloper is sure of succour, the egg certain to be sat upon and hatched, the consequent baby fed to maturity, fed while it is in the nest, fed when it has outgrown the nest and is so great, in comparison with its "parents," that they must actually perch on its towering shoulder to reach its gaping, hungry mouth.

It is an astounding thing that one and the same species of birds should

produce eggs so widely differing in size and pattern, each to match the eggs among which it is lawlessly introduced. The cuckoo from the tiny egg matching that of the hedger-parrow grows to the same size and pattern as that from the egg which mimics the egg of the eider-duck.

Each cuckoo egg that brings forth a young bird causes the wreck of a brood of young birds of the kind preyed upon. It is inevitable that the unfledged cuckoo should kill its fellows in the nest; there would not otherwise be room for it to live and grow, and the task of feeding it and the rest would be so heavy as to overtax the parents and bring the cuckoo and its rivals to starvation.

### Nature Knows Best

The whole system of cuckoo-rearing seems cruel, monstrous, evil, yet the plan is Nature's, and she knows best. We cannot spare a single cuckoo. The birds are of immense value and importance to us. They live entirely on life forms harmful to gardens and agriculture. Indeed, they are the only birds known habitually to devour those hateful larvae, the hairy caterpillars, whose poisonous little barbs cause such misery on contact with human flesh.



## A SHIP WITH A NEW IDEA

### It Can Move All Ways

A new motor vessel, soon to be carrying passengers between Southampton and Cowes, can move sideways.

This oil-driven craft, Vecta, has been built by Messrs Thornycroft with a propeller system already employed in Germany but new to English waters. Instead of twin screws and a rudder, the Vecta is fitted with two revolving horizontal plates below her stern where the screw propellers ordinarily would be. Except for their size, structure, and material they might be compared to two paddle-wheels laid flat below water, instead of upright in it.

With two paddle-wheels a ship can be steered, or at any rate moved, to right or left by suspending the action of one paddle-wheel or making them revolve in opposite directions.

The two flat wheels of the Vecta are circular plates fitted with blades, both revolving on an upright axis—that is to say, on an axis as perpendicular below the ship as a mast would be above it. The blades can be made to rise above the circular plates or lie flat on them. They are the substitutes for propellers and are kept revolving continually.

### A Curiosity of Engineering

When the blades are flat against the plates nothing happens; they revolve idly. But when the blades are raised the movement exerts a thrust in one or other direction; and, as each bladed plate can be controlled from the Vecta's bridge, the ship can be steered by them. Thus the ship can be driven forwards or backwards by moving the levers which control the blades.

By putting both plates into an appropriate action the ship can be made to turn rapidly in a circle, as if she were spinning on her bow. Finally, by suitable manipulation of the blades and the revolving plates the ship can be pushed sideways, with no movement either forwards or backwards.

A ship that moves sideways is a curiosity of engineering, but the movement can be applied to useful purpose.

The Vorth-Schneider system of propulsion and control, as it is called, might prove very useful for Thames steamboats, if ever such a service is again introduced on London's river, where, owing to the tides, only paddle-wheel steamers were found equal to the task of quickly mooring and unmooring at the Thames piers.

## Half a Ship Floats For Two Months

In the middle of January a Norwegian tanker, the Jaguar, broke in two in mid-Atlantic, and the two halves of the ship, kept afloat by means of the watertight compartments, drifted apart in a very stormy sea, with seven of the crew on the fore part and the remaining thirty on the aft part.

A very small Norwegian freighter, the Duala, came to the rescue, and succeeded in saving the crew. The bow section soon disappeared, but many ships reported having seen the after part of the ship. Three weeks after the wreck a German ship sighted the strange half vessel, boarded it and put a crew on board, and eventually two salvage boats were obtained from the English Channel and the wreck towed into Fayal, where the 2500 tons of cargo were saved.

By the laws of the sea the half ship, its engines and cargo, belong to the captain of the German ship, whose good fortune was entirely due to the splendid success of the watertight compartment system used in all modern vessels.

## The Man Who Does What He Likes To Do

STRONG as the lure of Adventure is, the lure of Art for those who were born to feel it is not less strong, for Art is a great adventure. This story, which comes to us from Denmark, shows what it can do with a man.

Frederick Soerensen started life as a factory worker. But something (he could not tell what) drove him to forsake this assured subsistence and to go tramping over hill and dale, doing odd jobs here and there, and letting the beauty of his native land sink deeper and deeper into his soul.

At last, tired of this roving existence, he came to anchor on a wide and wind-swept moor, where, for want of a better dwelling-place, he found refuge in a reed hut used by peat-cutters to keep their tools in. It was not all that he could have wished for in the way of a home, being infested with rats, so that he never dared go to sleep without a stout stick in his hand, and so exposed to the cold that he was forced to go to bed with all his clothes on and often woke to find his breeches stiff with ice. The neighbouring farmers offered to let him sleep in their barns, but he refused, not wishing to be beholden to any man. He worked for them instead, and saved up his earnings, for already he knew that the one thing he really wanted to do in life was to paint; and for that he must have money to buy materials and a better place to live in.

At last the time came when he could build himself "a lovely little house," as he calls it, out on the moors. It took him three years, for he did it all single-handed, and though it has only one room it has windows and a door, and a stove to keep out the cold. There was no more contented man in the district than Frederick Soerensen

when he moved in with his cat, his dog, and his goat. The goat and the tiny garden supplied him with food, the cat and the dog with companionship; and he settled down to his happy hermit life, and to the fulfilment of what had been for so long his heart's desire, painting.

His first pictures were painted on pasteboard, and for the most part represented the homesteads of the farmers round about, who bought them for a song. But little by little he worked his way to what was to be the passion of his life, the conjuring on to canvas of the million lovely moods of Nature herself. He painted the moors as some men paint the sea, in all their endless variety, and lo, one day two real painters came along and said that his work was good.

They persuaded him to send some things to a picture show in Copenhagen, and the very first picture he sent (it was painted on sacking) was accepted. After that things went better and better with him; his canvases not only found open doors at the spring and autumn exhibitions, but purchasers willing to pay large sums for them, until at last there came a proud day when he held a One Man Show in Copenhagen, and the King went to see his pictures.

"Are you happy?" someone asked him on the day the show opened.

"Happy?" repeated Frederick Soerensen, beaming out of his one eye (he lost the other in his factory-worker days); "at 60 I can say that there is no happier man in the world than I. I have something to live for and can spend my days doing what I like best. Can anyone in the world ask more from life than that?"

## AULD IRELAND GROWING OLD

### What the Census Reveals

A sad thing it is to witness the decline of the Irish population. Dublin has a splendid statistical department, but how few are the people it counts!

Most of Ireland is over the seas in America, in England, in Wales, in the British Dominions. What is left in the homeland is a population of less than 3,000,000.

So many young Irish have emigrated that the average age of the people is high and the old age pensions are many. And so poor is the land that three out of every four people over 70 years of age draw the old age pension.

In the last ten years the number of young people under 21 years of age has fallen by 69,000.

Other facts disclosed by the census are that she has fewer and later marriages than any other country; she has 51 centenarians, 32 of them women, and a higher percentage of people over 75 than any other country in Europe. Also she has only 952 women to every 1000 men, the lowest rate in the world.

No greater proof of Irish poverty could be adduced than that 82 per cent of the men are unmarried at 29, as against 47 per cent in England; 64 per cent of females of the same age are unmarried, as against 17 per cent in England, and this notwithstanding that there are more men than women.

Ireland is the case of a small land with few natural resources; it is a condition of natural poverty for which the nation should not be blamed. How often we forget the great part in human affairs played by causes over which man has no control.

## The Little Whale At School

Boys attending Marton Hall School, near Bridlington, had an unusual natural history lesson the other day.

Instead of sitting in the class-room they jumped into cars and were driven to what is known as the South Landing, an opening in the cliffs of Flamborough Head. There they gathered round a whale, standing in a circle while their teacher gave them a lesson on the creature, which had been stranded on the rocks.

Though the whale was so huge it was comparatively small, weighing only about six tons and being only 12 feet long. What is more, it was alive, and after the boys had examined it and the master had concluded his lesson the visitor to Yorkshire floundered over the rocks to the sea. Off he went, probably to boast of being the only whale to have gone ashore for a natural history lesson and lived to tell the tale.

It is not long since a giant whale was washed ashore near Bridlington, to die soon after he rolled on the sand. This little whale was more fortunate, and the boys of Marton Hall were glad he was able to make off, blowing in fine style.

## The Secret Room

While carrying out alterations to Vicarage Farm, Wiswall, near Clitheroe, workmen came upon a secret room used by priests as a hiding-place three centuries ago.

In the dining-room was an oak-panelled recess richly ornamented with carving. By pressure a little door swung open, revealing a confessional, and in the confessional box was a movable stone. Below this was a long narrow passage through which the priest could pass to a little space between the chimneys of the dining-room and the kitchen, where was a rope ladder up which he could climb to the secret room.

The farmhouse was built in the 17th century with material from Whalley Abbey, which was dissolved in 1537.

## Air Attack

## By Harry Rountree





## A GATE TO DARTMOOR

### Lydford's Old Commons

Lydford is up in arms against the War Office, which has stretched out its own long arm to take Lydford's commons.

Lydford, on the western edge of high Dartmoor, receives from it the River Lydd, which rushes through the dark enchantment of a wooded gorge as it reaches this lovely bit of Devon. Here is a natural stepping-off place for those who would visit the moor; and any who will turn it up in Arthur Mee's book on Devon will easily learn the reason why so many holiday-makers seek it.

But the most valued possession of Lydford is its 560 acres of commons, precious to farmers because of ancient grazing rights, and priceless to the village because they form the natural gateway to the moor and to such noted places on it as Doe Tor, Brae Tor, Links Tor, and Cranmere Pool.

The War Office wants these 560 acres to add to its 3200 acres of the Wills-worthy ranges, also on the western side of the moor in the direction of Tavistock. The reason put forward is hard to set aside. The land is wanted chiefly because it is sparsely occupied, but mostly because the existing Willsworthy ranges are said to be insufficient for the new mechanised infantry training. The War Office might reasonably say that in these times the needs of the soldier are superior to those of the civilian.

#### An Alternative Suggestion

Against this the Lydford petitioners can only urge that there is only one Dartmoor, and that if the Lydford Common gateway to it is shut not only will the approach to the moor be curtailed, but any visitors from Lydford who want to reach it will have to run the gauntlet of the Okehampton Artillery ranges and the Willsworthy Infantry ranges by taking a narrow corridor between them.

Lydford offers instead to the War Office a strip of land between Hare Tor and Sheep Tor, which would enlarge the Willsworthy ranges to the extent they require without taking the commons.

That is how the matter stands, and there is much sympathy with Lydford about its Naboth's Vineyard. The War Office is not easy to move when it has a good case; but there is only one Dartmoor, and the authorities may be persuaded to take another look round.

### An Illuminated Story

April was welcomed by the Science Museum, South Kensington, with 3000 square feet of illumination.

In this space the history of lighting was set out, as well as the most modern ways of making the most of it. The story began with the making of fire by rubbing sticks together, and continued with some of the first friction matches made by John Walker of Stockton in 1827.

Among the more unusual exhibits was an alarm clock, over 200 years old, that fired a trigger that exploded a charge of gunpowder that lit a candle to light the sleeper out of bed. Another was a gold tinder box from China studded with opals. These and other stock pieces are arranged in order, showing how we have advanced from the days when our forefathers took anything from three minutes to half an hour to strike a light.

Besides this instructive lesson in patience is a section tracing the story of the candle, oil lamp, acetylene burner, gas, and electric light. Among the exhibits here are dried birds used as oil lamps in the Shetlands; part of an illuminated sign made to celebrate the Battle of Waterloo, and containing when whole 1300 oil lamps; and one of the first electric lamps that London ever saw, when the open space in front of the Royal Exchange was electrically lighted 58 years ago.

## News From Tristan da Cunha

### LIFE AND PEOPLE OF THE LONELY ISLAND

THE Editor has been delighted to receive from the children of Tristan da Cunha a pullover made with their own hands from the wool of their own sheep, and Mr Harold Wilde, the chaplain, sends us good news of the island.

They have had a splendid crop of potatoes, and are now busy building a hospital and chaplain's quarters near the sea. Every family is giving so much stone, and the hospital is being built with the spirit of love and preparedness which always stands in readiness for any kind of emergency. Hitherto Mr Wilde's sitting-room has been used as the hospital, but it has proved inadequate. Besides the hospital, five young men contemplating marriage are also building houses, and so, says Mr Wilde, "at the present moment Tristan looks like a building estate."

#### A Red-Letter Day

The boys from Inaccessible Island had just returned, when Mr Wilde was writing, after a flying visit to Tristan to see that all their seeds were growing. They had come back to Tristan to help with the mail, for its arrival is the day of the year:

As we never know what the weather will do we have to land the mail as quickly as possible. The women and girls are on the beach making a cup of tea and handing it to the men and boys as they beach the loads in their boats from the ship, and as fast as it is landed it is loaded into our bullock carts, and steady streams of carts ply to and from the beach to the stores, and thus our yearly supply is once more housed, to be rationed at regular intervals during the year. Our slogan now is "Be careful with the spoonfuls and the packets will look after themselves."

And so, after a year's careful rationing, we shall be able to have a cup of tea and a cake on the beach for our visitors and workers and prove that rationing is not only a necessity but that it makes for contentment. Even our little luxuries, such as chocolate and sweets for the women and children, are doled out for festivals and birthdays (and the tobacco likewise), with a bit in reserve for special work days.

A very nice thing happened today. I said I hoped the men would try to do a little more building on the hospital when their work permits and I would see what I could do about a smoke; and the chief came in and said the men did not want any pay for working on the hospital, as they felt it was a job that must be done and that it was for the common benefit of all.

#### Tools for Every Man

We have had a wonderful mail this year, and this is the first year in the history of the island that every man has had a complete set of working tools, and enough tackle to rig all the boats. The people on Tristan are never happier than when they are working as a body. Our pigs have also pulled their weight, and given us a fine litter so that now every four families have a small community pig to feed.

We hear that we may see a ship on Sunday, so that we shall all be up by daylight and the first to spot her will sing out Sailo! I don't think there will be much sleep on Saturday night.

So far Mr Wilde. A famous lady happened to be on the ship which called at Tristan when Mr Wilde posted his letter, and we have not seen a better account of the island

than she wrote for The Scotsman on coming home. We take the following from it; it is by Annie S. Swan.

Never shall I forget the sight of this strange island, seen first afar off, like a speck in the waste of waters, growing bigger and bigger until we were faced with its immense rugged height. The highest peak, according to the scientific survey made in 1937, reaches 6760 feet. It is seven miles in diameter, but the only habitable part is a plateau five miles long by half a mile wide.

Here is the village, which resembles a Highland clachan, its life, in many respects, similar to that of our own crofters. It bears the historic name of Edinburgh. On the summit of the mountain there is a deep crater full of water, which filters down to the village and provides water for all purposes.

#### Sailo

There are no coal or mineral resources, and the islanders are dependent on driftwood both for heating and cooking. Trees, ordinarily, cannot grow owing to the devastating winds. In one sheltered spot, however, a few apple trees have been nursed to fruition. The potato patches have to be sheltered by dry-stone dykes. There are no gardens.

Owing to the breakdown of the island's wireless receiver, which has been out of action for eight months, the villagers had no intimation of our approach. Suddenly, when on that exquisite morning our ship appeared on the horizon, the village downed tools.

Men and women fled from the fields and gathered about the only spot on the rocky shore where a boat can be hauled up. There they breathlessly waited developments while strong oarsmen got the native boats out to cover the three-quarter mile to the ship's anchorage. No time could be lost, for all had to be delivered in ten hours.

There was not very much to see, only the tiny houses dotting the plateau, the little church (really a part of the missionary's house), and the primitive school. The house interiors are very bare. The islanders make some articles of furniture, though tools are scarce; and all frills, even the bedspreads, come as gifts. They spin wool and make their own clothes, except such as they receive when stores arrive.

#### Real Community Life

Although largely dependent on the charity of the outside world, there is nothing cringing about them; their native dignity, so far, is unimpaired. It is a community life in the true sense. There is no money, no crime, no quarrelling; the people live by faith; and the Padre is guide, philosopher, and friend in all matters of conduct.

The women are timid creatures, much afraid of the sea, which is their natural enemy. However, quite a few were tempted to make a voyage to the ship, and were awed by its wonders. They all departed laden with gifts.

But what these people want is more substantial stuff—clothing, both warm and cool; oars, canvas, paint, flour, and other necessities, to the value of £150 per annum—surely a modest sum to ask in these days when we think and spend in millions. The present missionary, the Revd H. Wilde, who has been four years on the island, came on board and paid his parishioners a very high tribute. The man who voluntarily places his services at the disposal of these lonely islanders obviously deserves a high tribute himself. His is a life of sacrifice, deprivation, and responsibility. He is not only prophet, priest, and king, but also medical officer. He made a moving appeal for this little company of God's children, stranded so far from the known world as to be practically by that world forgot.

## SHORTAGE OF ENGLISH OAK

### Reaping Without Sowing

When we meet a trolley load of oak trees newly felled, or see a local authority cutting down an oak to oblige motorists, we remember that few young oak trees are being planted to replace those cut down.

We are reaping without sowing, forgetting Goethe's most wise admonition that "What thou hast inherited from thy fathers, earn it anew if thou wouldst possess it."

Recently we were told that the Forestry Commissioners have 20,000 acres of hardwood plantings to their credit. This, however, is a small percentage of the Commissioners' total plantings—about seven per cent.

When we learn that already the timber sales of the Commissioners average over £50,000 a year in value, it is to be feared that the sale of mature hardwood trees acquired by them (along with the estates they have taken over) may account for much of this figure. Fortunately (at any rate in the Commissioners' Thetford Chase woods), by the process of natural regeneration sapling oaks are already appearing among the conifers. The Commissioners are aware of this, and one can only hope they will pursue a continuous policy of encouraging and fostering these little self-sown trees, our native oaks, for the future hardwood needs of the nation.

### The Young Scientist's Club

Boy and girl scientists showed a number of scientific exhibits at the annual Science and Engineering Fair of the American Museum of Natural History.

There are about 300 clubs throughout the United States (to which more than 6000 boys and girls belong), which were launched some years ago by the American Institute, and the members of these clubs do real research and experimental work on the lines of the grown-up scientists. In many of the clubs the member must score at least ten points a month; such as to identify ten wild-flowers, birds, or insects. Wiring electric bells and putting in new batteries, repairing electric motors, connecting up wireless sets, and so on, all form part of the activities. But in addition to practical work of this kind quite a good amount of real experimental work is done by the older members.

Many of the clubs are formed in schools, but others are organised on strictly business lines in towns and villages and are quite independent. Each year, however, there is a Congress in addition to the Science Fair, where all kinds of exhibits of the club's activities are shown. In a photographic exhibition held by the clubs this year more than 500 entries were made, including some first-class results in natural colour.

### A Friendly Hand For the Blind

The noble work of the School for the Blind at Swiss Cottage is widely known.

The school, run by the Royal London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind (one of the oldest institutions for the blind in the country), has now reached a critical time in its history when it is essential that a new home be built for the school at a cost of £100,000.

To help to raise this huge sum the school has devised a new game which will appeal particularly to dog-lovers, and there is a competition with numerous prizes in connection with the game. Particulars may be had from the Secretary, School for the Blind, Swiss Cottage, London, N W 3



# ECLIPSE OF THE SUN NEXT WEEK

## London Outshines the Stars

### A Recurring Event

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Moon will pass directly between the Earth and the Sun on Wednesday evening, April 19, when the Sun will appear partly eclipsed, as seen from Britain.

Observed from London and southern England rather more than one-third of the Sun's disc will be obscured by the Moon at the time of greatest phase, as shown in the picture. Farther north more will be hidden, amounting to nearly one-half in northern Scotland.

The time of greatest eclipse will be about 7.18 Summer Time in southern England and a few minutes earlier farther north, 7.12 in the Edinburgh area. The first

trace of the Moon's disc encroaching upon the Sun will be seen about 6.30 in southern England, and this will appear as a bite out of the Sun's right side, growing until it attains the dimensions shown in the picture. These, of course, will vary slightly according to the latitude of the observer.

As the Sun sets at 8 o'clock the end of the eclipse will not be observed in England, but the great bite will be seen gradually to pass upwards on the Sun's right side and grow smaller. When observing the eyes should be screened by smoked or darkly-tinted glass.

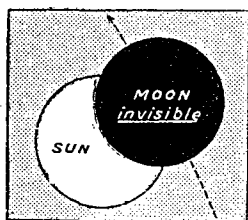
Were we much farther north-west and in the direct path of the eclipse shadow—that is anywhere between the North Pole and parts of Alaska—we should see the Moon pass right across the centre of the Sun. The Moon's disc, however, would not completely hide the Sun, as in total eclipses, for the Moon does not appear large enough to do so. Instead, when directly in front of the Sun's disc the Moon will leave a very narrow ring of his surface exposed all round. It will be a grand sight, but so exceedingly bright will be this thread-like ring that only a weird early-evening twilight effect will be produced, and nothing approaching the darkness of a total eclipse.

### Annular Eclipses

These particular eclipses are therefore known as *annular*, and are chiefly due to the Moon being farther from the Earth than in total eclipses, her greater distance causing her to appear too small completely to cover the Sun. On this occasion the apparent diameter of the Sun's disc will be 31 minutes 54 seconds of arc, and the Moon's only 30 minutes 56 seconds of arc, so the solar ring of light will be very thin, less than one-sixtieth of the Moon's apparent diameter.

These annular eclipses of the Sun do not provide such fine spectacles or valuable data as do the total eclipses, and unfortunately they are much more frequent. On this occasion the long narrow track along which the Sun appears as a ring of light only just touches the top of the Earth and extends down to Alaska. The same thing happened in the annular eclipse of April 8, 1921, for particular eclipses, whether total or annular, repeat themselves usually at intervals of 18 years 11 days and about 8 hours. The 8 hours makes all the difference, however. For example, in the 1921 eclipse, which was of course about 8 hours earlier, the Earth had not turned so far round as on this occasion, so the eclipse occurred in the morning, and the Sun was seen as a ring of light from northern Scotland to Norway and thence northward.

A precisely similar eclipse will occur again, except for the eight hours' difference, in the year 1957. G. F. M.



Extent of the eclipse as observed from London and southern England. The path of the invisible Moon is indicated by the arrow

It seems that Greenwich Observatory, like Poor Joe in one of the tales of Charles Dickens, will have to move on.

The lights of London are extinguishing the powers of its telescopes because they make the night sky so bright that the photographic plates of the stars are blurred and indistinct. This is very trying for an Astronomer Royal, who in the London area is not blessed with too many clear nights of stars.

This is not the only injury inflicted on our most famous Royal Observatory by the march of progress. A previous Astronomer Royal had to complain of the big power station at the foot of Greenwich Hill, which by the gases rising from its furnaces disturbed the accuracy of observations.

That disability may have been remedied since, but it is becoming clearer that the environs of a city are no place for observatories. Even the Mount Wilson Observatory, perched 5000 feet high in California, is finding the lights of the nearest town an obstacle to accuracy; and the new 200-inch reflector, the largest in the world, is being set up on Mount Palomar, far from such interference.

The observing astronomer is a man who, when lost in the solitudes of the heavens, must have solitude on the earth. Otherwise the street lamps outshine the stars.

### Old Mother Hubbard

Among the lovely little books we have seen lately are some in cardboard covers published by the Oxford University Press.

They are facsimiles of the original illustrated manuscript of Old Mother Hubbard, the very verses and pictures which Sarah Catherine Martin penned when she was staying at Kitley Hall, near Yealmpton in Devonshire, 135 years ago.

The little notebook was found by a great-grand-niece of Miss Martin at Stubbington in Hampshire, and was recently exhibited at the Bodleian Library in Oxford. The character of Old Mother Hubbard is thought to have been based on that of the housekeeper at Kitley Hall, and the actual cupboard there is still pointed out. The name of the old lady may have been taken from one of Spenser's poems.

Miss Martin might have been Queen of England, for when living at Portsmouth she received a proposal of marriage from Prince William Henry, later William the Fourth; but she died unknown, and lies in a churchyard at Loughton in Essex. A typewritten copy of a little-known sequel to Old Mother Hubbard is in Leyton Public Library.

### The Indoor Girls

We hear much in these days of the outdoor girls; here is something about the indoor girls of Northumberland.

There are 18 of them, and they belong to the 2nd Northumberland Post Rangers Company of Girl Guides. All are cripples, and several have to lie in bed day and night. One or two can walk with crutches. But these shut-in girls have a busy world of their own, and they do not think about themselves all the time.

One of their greatest joys is the private magazine which reaches them by post. The greater part of it is typed by Miss Bourne, captain of the company; but the volume grows as it circulates, for each cripple adds her own poems or stories or jokes or puzzles till by the time it reaches the last readers it has assumed astonishing proportions.

These 18 girls make toys and clothes for blind babies, compile scrapbooks for a children's hospital in Labrador, and collect silver paper for hospitals; and their fingers are now busy knitting clothes for refugees.

## A ROOM

A scientific friend of ours has written scores of thousands of words about the wonders of his room.

It does not look a remarkable room. It has a window, a door, a fireplace, a carpet, a table, a few chairs, and so on, but it is an astonishing world to him. His scientific training has enabled him to see much more in his room than most of us would notice.

The walls, he says, lead his thoughts to gravitation. The sunshine coming through the window carries his mind out of his room to the solar system of which the earth is a part; and it reminds him of the unseen waves which are for ever reaching him. When the sunshine falls on the bevelled edge of a mirror and shines like a rainbow he considers the wonder of colour, all that it teaches us and the important part it plays in the life of mankind. The fire in the grate reminds him of the miracle of heat and radiation and combustion. He has carbon in the chimney; and he has the imprisoned sunlight of a distant geological era epitomised in the coal.

### Light and Power and Heat

A touch of his finger and light floods the room. Here is the puzzle of electricity, and the modern magic which it enables our wizards to perform. Light and power and heat, these are avenues for his thoughts, bringing him at once to the foundations of matter, the structure of the atom, the laws of Newton, the Atomic Theory, the ultimate constituents and properties of the minutest particle of the stuff of which the universe is built, and the problem as to whether it is matter or energy, or both, or neither.

The clock links seconds with centuries, as well as with astronomical time measured in millions of light-years. The door handle puts him in mind of levers. He has the principle of the screw in the lock. There is oxidation wherever there is rust; and though he cannot see the air he knows its pressure is 14.7 pounds to the square inch, and that it is made up of oxygen and nitrogen and other gases. A plant near the window is all he needs to set out on an adventure in speculative thinking as to the difference between plant life and animal life, between chlorophyll and blood, between plants which take out of the air various gases and animals which breathe them back again.

### A Universe in Itself

Timber, metals, glass, plaster, lime, wool, silk, cotton, paper, leather—all these are capable of transporting him into new realms of thought, inquiring how and why; and to look through the chapters of the book he has written in his spare time, but has never considered publishing, is to feel that this room of his is a universe in itself, and that there is in it a little of everything, and a hint of the wonder which belongs to all space and all time.

### 25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of April 1914

**A Good Idea.** We should all be interested in keeping the streets tidy, and a very sensible practice is carried out in Nottingham which other towns might well copy.

A notice at the entrance to each tramcar calls attention to a box in which passengers are asked to drop their tickets as they leave; and in this way thousands of tram tickets are saved every day from being thrown into the street. It is a simple plan which every bus and tram in the country could easily put into operation.

## FROZEN LAND OF PROMISE

### Russia as Conqueror of the Arctic

Russia chose the wintry Spring to review her progress in her new Arctic territory. It might be called Arctica.

The Soviet has made it. In the last few years they have taken a leading part in the exploration of the Polar Ocean, sending planes across it, establishing a hut on a drifting ice-floe by the side of the North Pole, and sounding the ocean depths. But their most promising achievement and their most businesslike purpose has been throughout to establish a new colony on the Polar Ocean's shore, and to find a practicable way of navigating the icy North-East Passage from Archangel through the Kara Sea and along the Siberian coast to Wrangel Island and the Bering Strait.

### Blazing the Trail

Papanin, who led the expedition which drifted on the ice-floe from Russia to Alaska, took a very roseate view of what could be done. For nearly half a century before the Russian Revolution only 55,000 tons of freight was taken along the Northern coasts in all that time. But in the six years since the Soviet took charge in 1933 no fewer than 1,188,000 tons have been carried. The Soviet ice-breakers blazed the trail, and have since escorted hundreds of cargo vessels. Even at this time, when transportation by the Northern sea route is in its infancy, the cost of taking goods to Asiatic Siberia, in such a northerly section as Yakutsk, is only half as much as by rail or river.

The Siberian rivers, the Lena, Yenisei, Kolima, which hitherto have seemed to fall uselessly into the Northern seas, are also being brought into commercial use. Shipping along them is being developed, so as to transport the timber and other products of the land.

A yet more powerful instrument of development has been the aeroplane. Aeroplanes now fly over 7500 miles of Arctic Russia, carrying the year before last 8000 passengers and 1600 tons of freight. Regular communication between the remote outposts of the North and the chief towns of Russia is now assured.

### Populating the Arctic Shore

To make this progress sure and to consolidate the gains that have been won Russian workers are populating the Arctic shore. There are ports at Igarka, Dickson Island, Tixie Bay, and Providence Bay. There are 50 Polar stations on the coast and the islands for continuous research and for the maintenance of communication by wireless.

There are Polar settlements, Polar towns, like Igarka, with a permanent population which in a few years has leapt up to 20,000, and has factories, an aerodrome, a technical college and a theatre; or like Khibinski, which houses the workers in the mining and chemical industries of the Kola Peninsula.

Here is the new land from which Russia is drawing minerals, timber, phosphates, and coal. It is a Land of Promise, though a hard one in which to glean a harvest; and Russia, determined to win from it its hidden stores of wealth, may yet surprise the world with the results. See World Map

### Six Weeks on a Reef

The Government of Jamaica recently sent out a motor-boat to pick up two men from a reef about 95 miles away.

It seems that they were escaped convicts from the French penal settlement of Cayenne, who had got away in a small boat. As the distance from Cayenne to Jamaica is something like 2000 miles they were very fortunate in getting as far as they did before they were shipwrecked on a lonely reef. They had been living for six weeks on nothing but fish and water.



# THE FLOWER GARDEN UNDER THE SEA

## Man's Way With a Mine

Not far from Sydney Harbour in Nova Scotia is the biggest coalmine in Canada, running three miles out to sea, and two miles from the shore the miners have made themselves a garden.

The idea was conceived by one of the mine officials, who thought he would try to see whether green things would grow under the sea. He chose for the site of his experiment a big room constructed with iron supports which housed a hoisting engine and was lit by brilliant lights. Trucks loaded with garden soil, green sods, and growing plants began to find their way down to the engine-room. There they were tenderly planted, and to make up for the lack of sunlight two 1000-watt electric lamps played on the soil, and the light and warmth given off by these giants produced the chlorophyll necessary for growth. Soon the temperature became warm and equitable, and the grass began to sprout and the flowers to bloom!

Though the sun was shut out by 3000 feet of solid rock and the sea above it the little oasis flourished, and the many tourists who flock to admire Cape Breton's scenic beauty each summer never leave without a visit to this garden under the sea. What surprising results can be obtained when man and Nature put their heads together!

## Liverpool's Six Giants

People coming to Liverpool in future will miss the six seven-foot-high stone statues which for 75 years have looked down on the busy scene from the top of Exchange Buildings. The buildings are being demolished to make room for more modern offices, and these statues of Columbus, Drake, Galileo, Mercator, Raleigh, and Cook are to have a new home in Stanley Park.

# Who'll Buy My Oranges?

GRAPEFRUITS, that were a high-priced luxury not many years ago, are now twopence each on the street barrows.

Oranges too are cheap and good. We need not wonder at this, for citrus fruits are being grown in many lands, and the supply is increasing even quicker than the demand.

A fruit crisis, indeed, has been reached in California, where oranges and grapefruits have been planted in such profusion that they have become almost valueless in commercial terms. Oranges were recently selling at a dozen for a cent, and grapefruits have rotted for want of buyers. It is like the herrings over again. Fine fruit rotting in the United States matches herrings thrown back into the sea on the east coast of England.

When a case grows very bad it sometimes leads to the finding of a remedy. In America the case of *too much fruit* forced itself on public attention, and a remedy has been found in the State distribution of "surplus products." America has 40,000,000 people living in poverty, many of them existing on poor relief, and she has too much food because the poor cannot afford to buy

it. It has been decided to introduce the surplus fruit into the diet of the poverty-stricken.

The remedy adopted may be called a two-price system. There are oranges disposed of in the ordinary way, carefully graded, and packed in the familiar boxes; these are the oranges for commerce. Then there are oranges ungraded, tumbled into bags; these are for the surplus products department, which makes it worth while for grocers to dispose of them at low rates to the people on poor relief.

So the Californians have two fruit markets: the ordinary sale through customary channels and the special sale to the very poor.

This leaves unsettled the case of the poor American who is not poor enough to be on relief pay and is yet too poor to be able to buy the fruit he needs. We understand that something is to be done about it, but we do not yet know precisely what.

The same method is to be applied to surplus dairy produce and surplus pork. So we have arrived at what is very much like a socialistic distribution of plenty.

See World Map

## Trying to Tell the Truth

We told the other day of the newspaper advertisement issued by a firm of outfitters which said: "We are running a sale of men's shirts, which will last only one week"; and now we hear of an employer in a shoe shop who believed so strongly in truth in advertising that when he had to advertise an inferior grade of shoe he couldn't think how to mark it. Here is the false reasoning by which he saved his conscience.

"I have never sold anything by false representation," he said, "and I will not begin now. It is not a good shoe, and I will not pass it off as anything better than it is. I'll mark it *A Shoe Fit for a Queen*, and put it in the window, for a queen does not have to do much walking!"

## Maoris in Green Pastures

Hundreds of farms for Maori farmers are now taking shape near Kawakawa, in the historic Bay of Islands district, near the extreme north of New Zealand.

South of Kawakawa lies an expanse of 60,000 acres of native land, much of which is still in bush and scrub and lying idle. During the past two years a good deal of this unproductive land has been ploughed up and converted into pasture for the Maoris.

It is not easy to induce all the Maoris to adopt the hard-working methods of the modern farmers; but the officials of the Native Department are patient, and gradually they are training the younger Maoris to live in better houses, care for dairy cows, and use modern labour-saving farm machinery. See World Map

# A NEW CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE LOCUST

## Striking the Enemy at Its Source

Travellers have given us vivid descriptions of a cloud of locusts coming over a land with the whirring of millions of wings, locusts blotting out the sun, darkening the earth, settling on tree and field, garden and orchard and crops.

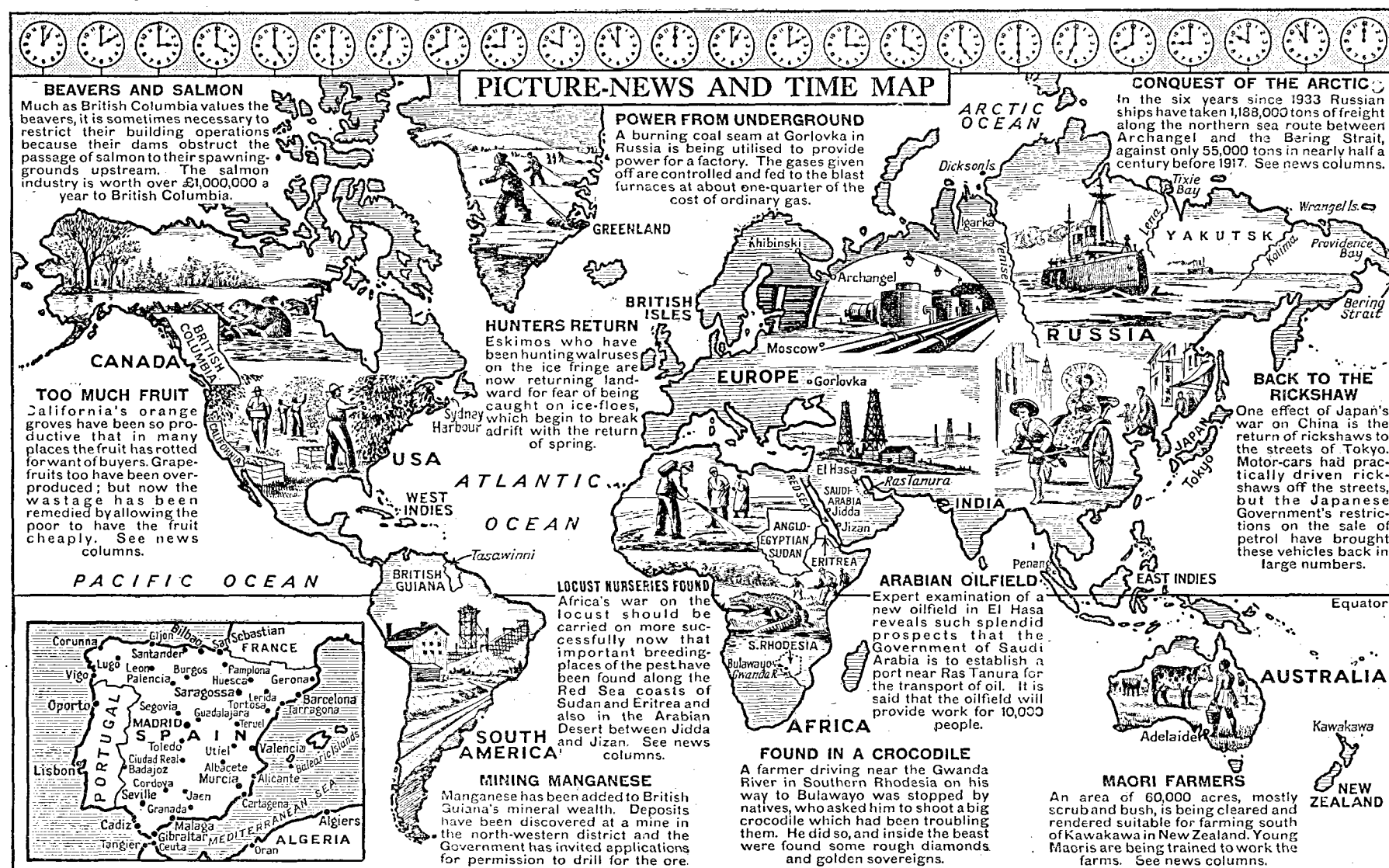
Men have long tried to find some means of protecting crops from these terrible marauders, but not till quite recently has anything really satisfactory been done to check these invasions. Now, after a ten-year war against these insects, an entomologist of Kenya is hopeful that one step has been made towards preventing the plagues.

Among the devices employed have been the kindling of damp fires so that the smoke might keep the swarms of locusts away, and aeroplanes have been used to spray them in flight. But it is obvious that the best way of destroying them would be to carry the war into the enemy's camp, destroying their larvae. It seems that some of the outbreak areas have been located, one species of locust being now known to breed in millions on both shores of the Red Sea. Along the coast of Eritrea and Sudan, for perhaps 350 miles, is an area where locusts are believed to begin life; and there is another breeding ground between Jidda and Jizan in the Arabian Desert, an area of 4000 square miles.

Much has yet to be done in this war against the locust, but science is advancing, and we may believe that before long some of the sources of these terrible plagues will be tackled in earnest and wiped out. See World Map

## SUMMER TIME

Summer Time begins on Sunday morning, so all clocks must be put forward one hour on Saturday night.





# THE BOY FROM BALTA

By  
T. C. Bridges

## 6. Grey Seal

### CHAPTER 1 On the Island

MR CORBETT and Colin Carne sat in the pleasant dining-room of the house on Balta. Breakfast was over and the others had gone out.

"Colin," said the circus man, "Sir Hereward wants you to come and live with him and Roy at Lane Park."

"That is very kind of him, sir," replied Colin in his clear, even voice, "but I would rather stay with you and Sheila."

"I like to hear that, Colin; but Sir Hereward can give you much more than I can."

"He cannot make me any happier than I am with you," Colin answered.

"But you are fond of Roy."

"I like him greatly," Colin agreed. "I only wish we could all live here together always."

Mr Corbett laughed.

"I want to do what is best for you, Colin, and I am going to talk things over with Sir Hereward this evening. We leave tomorrow."

"I know, and I am sorry." We shall have to make the most of today."

Mr Corbett nodded. "Yes, have a good time. It's a lovely day. Tomorrow I will tell you what is settled."

Colin left the room. In the hall Guy Compton was reading a book. Guy did not like Colin any better than when they had first met, some weeks earlier, but was very civil to him nowadays. He knew what a favourite Colin was with Sir Hereward.

"Going fishing?" he asked.

"We are going over to Foulon to see the birds," Colin answered politely.

"When are you starting?"

"In about an hour," Colin told him.

"It's nice and calm. I'm sure you'll enjoy it," Guy remarked, but his smile changed to a scowl as Colin went out of the front door.

Outside Colin found Roy, a very different Roy from the sickly lad he had met on his first visit to Lane Park. Roy was still thin, but he had a healthy colour, and his eyes had lost that pale, washed-out look and were almost as bright as Colin's. He shouted with delight when Colin told him his plan.

"This is a topping place," he declared. "I'd like to live here always."

"So, too, would I," Colin agreed. "But that, I fear, is impossible. Still, we can always come here for holidays. Find Sheila, please, and tell her to put on her rubber boots and a warm coat."

"Right you are," Roy answered, and Colin went off to the kitchen to get sandwiches. A little later the three, Colin, Roy, and Sheila, were in the dinghy, pulling out of the little harbour where the Cygnet, Sir Hereward's motor yacht, was lying.

The whole party had come to Balta for a short holiday. Roy had been crazy to see the island and was enjoying every minute of his stay. Even the presence of Guy did not trouble him, for Sir Hereward had told Guy forcibly that Colin, not he, was Roy's doctor.

Foulon was a low-lying islet only a mile or so off Balta and famous for its sea birds. To reach it they had to row along the west coast of Balta. The sea was perfectly calm and the sun shone brightly. Duncan Macbain, Colin's deaf and dumb caretaker, had told Colin that it would remain fine for the day but that wind would come at sunset. And Duncan was an excellent weather prophet. They were passing under the tall cliffs half a mile beyond the harbour when Sheila pointed to a great arched opening. "Colin, isn't that Column Cave?"

"Yes," Colin answered.

"Do let us go in and have a look," Sheila begged. "You said it was perfectly wonderful inside and that you would show it to us if it was calm. You couldn't have a calmer day."

Colin looked at the opening. Calm as it was, the smooth swells broke in foam at the cliff foot. He nodded. "Very well, Sheila; we shall not have a better chance. But it is a rather terrible place."

"I shan't be frightened with you," said Sheila happily as Colin turned the boat in towards the arch. Just outside he waited for a wave, then pulled hard, and the light boat shot out of the sunlight into a thunderous gloom. The cave was enormous, and in the dim light vast columns of rock towered to the lofty roof. Each swell as it broke and swung into the black depths roared hoarsely, then rolled back with strange sucking sounds which were echoed from the walls and roof.

Sheila held her breath.

Colin knew the cave well. He pulled up the central channel, then turned the dinghy into a little harbour and sprang out on to a flat rock. He tied the boat's painter round a projecting spike and helped the others out. Then he switched on a flash lamp and led the way over great steps of stone amid which lay deep, clear pools where crabs and sea anemones and tiny fish lived and moved. Sheila and Roy were fascinated. They hurried from pool to pool, finding fresh wonders in each.

"It's a marvellous place," Sheila declared. "I'd like to spend all day here."

"You would have to be a mermaid to do that," smiled Colin. "When the tide comes in all these rocks are under water."

Sheila looked at him. "I never thought of that," she said in a startled voice. "Then it's low tide now."

"It will be full ebb in less than an hour," Colin told her. "So there is no great hurry. But we must start in about half an hour if we wish to get to Foulon."

"Here's a big crab," cried Roy, who was groping in a pool. "Help me to catch him."

For the next half hour they enjoyed every minute of the time, then Colin declared they must leave, and they clambered back over the rocks to the spot where they had left the boat.

There was no boat. The rope was there, but the boat had gone.

### CHAPTER 2

#### The Impossible Happens

COLIN did not waste a minute.

"Stay here!" he said, and hurried away over the rocks towards the mouth of the cave. He came back as quickly as he had gone.

"I can see the boat," he told them. "It is drifting parallel with the cliffs. You must wait here while I swim after it."

Sheila caught his arm. "Colin, you can't. The water's so cold, and the currents are bad."

"I know that," Colin answered gravely; "but I can stand a lot of cold, and I swim well. I must go. I don't want to frighten you, but to recover the boat is our only chance. The others don't know where we

are, and this cave fills at high tide. Now do not worry. I shall be back with the boat quite soon."

Before Sheila could say anything more he was gone. Reaching the outer rocks again, Colin flung off all his clothes except his shorts and dived into the sea, and struck out for the boat.

There was hardly any wind and the boat was drifting with the tide. Colin had learned to swim when he was only three and few boys of his age could match him in the water.

He was about halfway to the boat when he noticed that it was turning and drifting out to sea. Next moment he saw the cause. A breeze was springing up, ruffling the glassy surface of the swells.

Now for the first time Colin felt a twinge of fear. He paused to note which way the wind was taking the boat, and at once realised that it was going right out to sea and that he could never catch it. The one hope left was to swim all the way back to the yacht, a distance of nearly a mile. He wished devoutly he had started that way at once from the cave mouth, for now the tide was turning and soon he would have to fight against it. He turned on his side and struck out with a powerful overhand stroke.

Half an hour later Colin, halfway to the mouth of the harbour, was fighting against a current which was rapidly gaining strength. He was growing tired and the chill of the sea was biting into his bones. But, knowing that the lives of Sheila and Roy depended on him, he struggled on. A rock rose from the sea a little way ahead. If he could reach that he could rest for a last effort.

The current strengthened steadily. When at last he reached the rock Colin was almost exhausted. It was out of the question to swim that last half mile. The cruel part of it was that he could see the mast of the yacht but not the hull, and the distance was too great for a shout to reach the ears of those aboard.

He scrambled on to the rock and lay panting. The tide was rising inch by inch. The rock would soon be covered. Colin doubted if he could even get back to the cave.

Out of the smooth water in the lee of the rock a sleek head rose and a pair of large, intelligent eyes gazed at Colin.

"Grandy," he said softly, and reached out a hand. The seal, a great creature weighing a quarter of a ton, heaved itself up and allowed Colin to stroke its head.

## JACKO HAS BAD LUCK

JACKO had quite recovered from his attack of influenza, but seemed to have passed it on to his little brother.

Baby hated staying in bed, and raised his voice in loud protest.

"Can't you go up, Jacko," suggested his mother, "and amuse him for a little?"

Jacko went up four stairs at a time.

Baby was delighted to see him, and laughed like anything when Jacko

"Coo!" chuckled Jacko. "Wouldn't the youngster like that! Do him more good than medicine."

He paid for it with Mother Jacko's shilling and ran out into the High Street. He was in such a hurry to get home that he jumped on a bus.

The bus was full. "Stodgy lot," he thought, as he stared cheekily round him. And, thinking it might be fun to "wake



The frog shot right across the bus

dressed up in his mother's hat and coat and pretended to go shopping.

He laughed so much that he began to cough; and then their mother came up and turned Jacko out. "Here's a shilling," she said. "Run and get a bottle of cough mixture, there's a good lad."

The good lad ran off with the best of intentions, but on his way he passed a toyshop, and on a counter just inside the door was a small square box.

Jacko knew what that was. He put out his hand and touched the spring. Out jumped a bright green frog.

"em up a bit," he held out the box and touched the spring.

Out flew the frog and shot right across the bus, startling the passengers half out of their wits.

The only one who seemed to enjoy the joke was a lively young puppy. And he pounced on it, and, alas, pulled it to pieces.

It was most unfortunate, thought Jacko. And as he had spent the shilling and had nothing to show for it he decided to make himself scarce for a bit. Which he did.

Colin had known this seal ever since it was a pup and played with it many a time in the sea. He had fed it with fish. He slipped into the water and put his right arm round the seal's neck.

"Grandy," he whispered in the seal's ear, "I am in trouble. You must help me. Take me back to the harbour."

To most people such a command would seem simply silly. They would say that the seal could not understand. Colin thought otherwise. He fully believed the seal had been sent in the nick of time to help him and had no doubt that he could convey his wishes to his friend. Not perhaps by actual words, but in some more subtle fashion.

At any rate Grandy began to swim swiftly along the surface. At first he headed in the wrong direction, but Colin gently pushed his head round, all the time talking to him in a low voice. The seal changed course and swam toward the rocks which guarded the harbour. Chilled as he was, Colin glowed with happiness. Sheila and Roy were safe after all.

Grandy swam straight for the point, then, instead of entering the harbour, stopped under the rocks. Colin gave him a final hug, then, with a couple of strokes, reached land and scrambled up. Next minute he was shouting across a few yards of water to the men on the yacht.

In a matter of moments a boat was launched and Sir Hereward Hawke with two hands came pulling across. The first thing Sir Hereward did was to wrap Colin in a heavy overcoat, the next to ask him how he came there. When Colin told Sir Hereward refused to believe him.

"The seal brought you! Impossible!" Colin laughed.

"Wait," he said, and gave a peculiar whistle. Almost at once Grandy's sleek head rose. "There he is," continued Colin. "I feel sure he would take me to the cave if I asked him."

Sir Hereward shook his head. "I give in," he said. "After this I'll believe anything you choose to tell me. Now let's go and fetch those two kids."

Sheila and Roy were overjoyed to see Colin safe.

"We saw you swimming with Grandy," Sheila cried. "It was wonderful."

"It was very fortunate for me that Grandy came when he did," Colin said quietly. "The tide had turned. Now we had better go and fetch the other boat."

Colin had a hot bath and came down to tea looking fit as ever. Later he asked Guy to come for a walk. When they two were well away from the house Colin stopped.

"Why did you cut that painter?" he asked quietly.

"What are you talking about?" cried Guy indignantly.

"It is useless to deny it," Colin said. "Duncan Macbain saw you."

The colour went out of Guy's face.

"It—it was just a joke," he stammered.

"It was not a nice joke," Colin said gently. "It might have ended in our all being drowned."

"I didn't know you were going into that cave," Guy answered. "Look here, Colin, don't tell Sir Hereward. He would never forgive me."

"I do not suppose that he would," Colin agreed, and Guy went whiter than before. "You mean you are going to tell him?" he gasped.

"I believe that I ought to," Colin said, "but on one condition I will not do so."

"What's that?" Guy asked quickly.

"That you leave Lane Park."

Guy bit his lip.

"All right," he said at last. "I'll take that job Uncle Hereward offered me down South." He turned and walked quickly back to the house. Colin drew a deep breath.

"I hope that I have done right," he said to himself. "I think that I have."

If Colin could have heard Sir Hereward and Mr Corbett talking together later that evening he would have had no doubts.

"Corbett," said the baronet, "you were right about Colin. A boy who can tame and ride a grey seal must not be wasted on an ordinary profession. You will keep him, and he will make your show the biggest and best of its kind. And this island of his must remain as a sanctuary for wild life."

"I would not wish to stand in his way, Sir Hereward," said the circus owner, "but I think he will be happier with me. I intend to train him as my successor."

"Quite so," agreed the baronet; "but first he must go to school. I want him and Roy to go to school together, and I shall pay for his schooling. Do you agree?"

"So long as Sheila and I have him for the holidays," smiled the other.

Sir Hereward thrust out his hand.

"That's a bargain," he said heartily.



# THE REVOLUTION IN GUIDE BOOKS

## Complete Picture of England for Every Car

The wonderful picture of England in Arthur Mee's New Domesday Book is now halfway through.

Nearly 5000 of the 10,000 towns and villages are in the first 21 volumes, either ready now or ready soon.

<b>ENCHANTED LAND—A Survey of England</b>	213 pictures	7s 6d
<b>BEDFORDSHIRE AND HUNTS.</b>	220 places 170 pictures	7s 6d
<b>BERKSHIRE—Alfred's First England</b>	170 places 120 pictures	7s 6d
<b>CHESHIRE—Romantic North-West</b>	150 places 117 pictures	7s 6d
<b>CORNWALL—England's Farthest South</b>	250 places 173 pictures	7s 6d
<b>DERBYSHIRE—The Peak Country</b>	226 places 134 pictures	7s 6d
<b>DEVON—Cradle of Our Seamen</b>	400 places 197 pictures	10s 6d
<b>GLOUCESTERSHIRE—Glory of the Cotswolds</b>	334 places	10s 6d
<b>HEREFORDSHIRE—The County of the Wye</b>	223 places 132 pictures	7s 6d
<b>KENT—The Gateway of England</b>	400 places 226 pictures	10s 6d
<b>LAKE COUNTIES—Cumberland and Westmorland</b>	217 places	7s 6d
<b>LANCASHIRE—Cradle of Our Prosperity</b>	250 places 185 pictures	7s 6d
<b>LEICESTERSHIRE WITH RUTLAND</b>	280 places 138 pictures	7s 6d
<b>NOTTS—The Midland Stronghold</b>	219 places 109 pictures	7s 6d
<b>STAFFORDSHIRE—Beauty and the Black Country</b>	180 places	7s 6d
<b>SURREY—Country Marching to Town</b>	164 places 181 pictures	10s 6d
<b>SUSSEX—The Garden by the Sea</b>	300 places 238 pictures	10s 6d
<b>WARWICKSHIRE—Shakespeare's Country</b>	220 places 215 pictures	7s 6d
<b>WILTSHIRE—Cradle of Our Civilisation</b>	270 places 220 pictures	10s 6d
<b>WORCESTERSHIRE—Land of the Heavenly Spring</b>	189 places	7s 6d
<b>LONDON—Heart of the Empire</b>	200 pictures	12s 6d

### The Nation's Press on the Nation's Books

There is a sort of light shining all through it.

Mrs J. A. Spender

The panorama of our island home is flashed before us with a fascination which is irresistible.

Church of England Newspaper

A tremendous, heroic enterprise. "Enchanted Land" is a sort of triumphant overture, master-key to the treasure house unlocked room by room in the succeeding volumes.

Birmingham Gazette

Congratulations must go to all concerned in this tremendous endeavour, a panorama of England of outstanding importance and

usefulness. Romance is the only word to apply to Mr Mee's eager narrative of the building up and marching on of a nation; here is the romance of England.

Sunday Times

The book is a miracle of compression and editorial contrivance, and no phase of London's activities or achievements seems to have escaped attention. Altogether an admirable summary of London.

The Observer

No better book on Kent has been written, and it is impossible to believe ever will be written, than Arthur Mee's.

The Star

ON SALE EVERYWHERE—HODDER & STOUGHTON

## AN OFFER YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS!

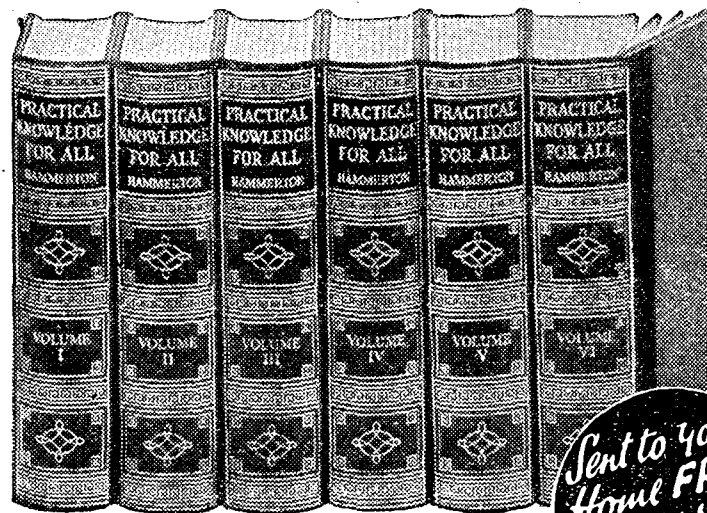


Illustration shows the beautiful De Luxe Edition.

## PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL

Edited by SIR JOHN HAMMERTON

**K**NOWLEDGE makes for social advancement and enables the ambitious boy or girl to qualify for a position of greater scope and responsibility in any trade or profession. These volumes form a key to knowledge. Never before has a work of such value and importance been offered in such a handy form and on such easy terms.

The volumes contain over 2,000 illustrations, ranging from simple shorthand symbols, maps, scientific diagrams, etc., to beautiful reproductions of works of art and antiquity.

### TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY NOW—SEND TO-DAY

Just sign and post the free examination form below, and on acceptance we will send you the work, carriage paid, in whichever binding you select, for examination for 7 days without the slightest charge or obligation to purchase. You can either return the books to us within 8 days or keep them on the very easy terms outlined.

Sent to your Home FREE on approval for 7 days

Practical Knowledge for All contains twenty-nine specially graded courses carefully prepared for home study. These include the following subjects:—  
ACCOUNTANCY  
AERONAUTICS  
ART AND ARCHITECTURE  
BIOLOGY  
BOTANY  
BRITISH HISTORY  
CHEMISTRY  
DRAWING AND DESIGN  
ECONOMICS  
ENGINEERING  
ENGLISH LANGUAGE  
ENGLISH LITERATURE  
GEOGRAPHY  
HISTORY  
(Ancient and Medieval)  
MATHEMATICS  
FOREIGN LANGUAGES  
Latin French  
German Spanish  
SHORTHAND

### Special FREE Examination Form

To The WAVERLEY BOOK CO., Ltd., 96-97, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4

Sirs,—Please send me, carriage paid, for Seven Days' Free Examination, one complete set of "PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL," in six volumes, in the binding indicated below. It is understood that I can examine the work for seven days from its receipt by me, and if I do not wish to keep it I may return it on the eighth day, and there the matter will end. If I decide to keep the work, I will send you, on the eighth day, a first confirmatory payment, and, commencing thirty days thereafter, further monthly payments, thus completing the purchase price as under.

PLEASE STRIKE OUT BINDING NOT WANTED.

(A) The set in cloth binding (Standard Edition). First payment 2/6 eight days after delivery, and eight further monthly payments of 2/6, making a total in all of 22/6. CASH PRICE WITHIN EIGHT DAYS, 21/6.

(B) The set in leather binding (De Luxe Edition). First payment 3/6 eight days after delivery, and nine further monthly payments of 3/6, making a total in all of 30/6. CASH PRICE WITHIN EIGHT DAYS, 27/6.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

Parent's signature required if under 21

Ch.N.7

State if householder .....

Date .....

PLEASE FILL IN ALL PARTICULARS ASKED.

WHEN communicating with advertisers, it is to your advantage to mention that you saw the announcement in the columns of THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

## PAIN AFTER MEALS

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It soures every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a tin of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/- . Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

## THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children, London, E.2)

## Maintained by Voluntary Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911 over 6,000 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

**"Eight Pounds a Day Just Pays Our Way"**  
**BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS IS HARD TO FIND**



PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW to The Secretary, THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME FUND, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 15, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## CAN YOU PLACE THESE LIGHTS?

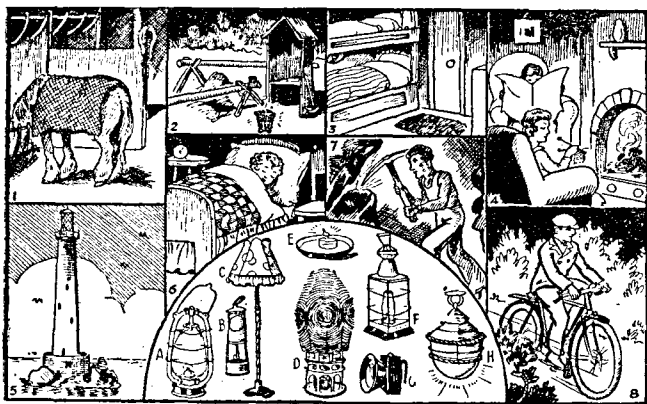
As we read on another page, a little history of lighting has been on show at the Science Museum, Kensington.

In the picture are eight scenes and the eight kinds of illumination used for them. Can you place the correct light in each? The scenes show a bedroom, a coalmine, a cyclist, a drawing-room, a lighthouse, a road under repair, a ship's cabin, and a stable.

Here is an example of how to write your list: 8 G Cyclist.

There are two prizes of 10s each and 25 half-crowns for the best-written correct or nearest to correct lists.

### Numerous Money Prizes Must be Won



This competition is for boys and girls of 15 or under, and entries, which must bear the name, address, and age of the senders, should be sent to C N Competition Number 77, 44 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, April 20. Entries should be on postcards, and only one can be accepted from each reader.

If you are a prizewinner and your entry bears the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to take the C N for a month an additional half-a-crown will be awarded to you.

## THE BRAN TUB

### No Reply

THERE WAS an old man with a poker,  
Who painted his face with red ochre;  
When they said, "You're a guy!"  
He made no reply,  
But knocked them all down with his poker. EDWARD LEAR

**The Wheelbarrow**  
A NEW carpenter had set up in business in the village. "Do you think," said one of the villagers to another, "that this new chap will be able to make me a wheelbarrow?" "Aye," was the reply. "I've no doubt he can; and if he makes it run as well as his water-butts it will be a good one."

**This Week in Nature**  
THE kestrel lays its eggs. The commonest of our hawks, it has a buff-coloured plumage marked with dark bars. The kestrel hovers in the air when searching the ground for its prey.

### Ici on Parle Français



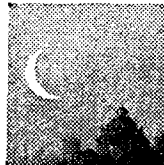
Le cheval horse  
Le ruisseau stream  
La charrette cart  
La charrette est trop lourde pour ce pauvre vieux cheval. Il passe ses journées dans une prairie, au bord du ruisseau.

The cart is too heavy for this poor old horse. He spends his days in a meadow by the side of the stream.

**What Happened on Your Birthday**  
April 16. Mme Tussaud died. 1850  
17. Benjamin Franklin died. 1790  
18. Erasmus Darwin died. 1802  
19. Lord Beaconsfield died. 1881  
20. Marcus Aurelius born. 121  
21. Anselm died. 1109  
22. Henry Fielding born. 1707

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Uranus is in the south-west and Neptune is in the south-east. In the morning Venus and Jupiter are in the east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at 8 a.m. on April 16.



### Five From Eight Leaves Ten

WHAT word of eight letters will have ten left after we have taken five away? Tendency.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

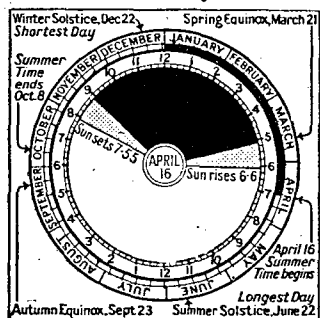
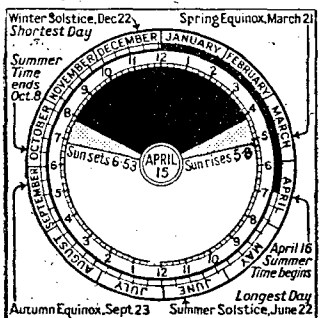
Arithmetical Problem. 15

What Is This? Arch-aeo-log-y

The C N Cross Word Puzzle

S	A	I	L	O	R	B	U	T	T	E	R
A	R	M	R	A	Z	O	R	A	X	E	
L	A	P		B	O	W		P	I	E	A
A	B	T	R	I	O	L	E	T		R	D
D	I	S	H	E	D		S	P	O	R	T
C	L	E	F	O		I	R	I	S		
A	A	T	O	N	I	C		G	U		
P	I	N	T		D	E	N	A	I	D	S
E	S	T	A	T	E		K	I	N	D	L

### How Summer Time Alters Our Day



THESE two charts show how Summer Time gives us an extra hour of daylight at the end of the day. They indicate (left) daylight, twilight, and darkness on April 15, the last day of Greenwich Time; and (right) on April 16, the first day of Summer Time.

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

PETER and Nell were sorry that Teacher would not make friends with their black pup, Jet.

"He can shake a paw beautifully," Nell told her one morning, when Jet had followed them to school.

"Dogs should not come to school," Teacher said, as she shooed poor Jet out. "If he does it again I must send a note asking your daddy to keep him tied up."

The twins were very careful after that to see that Jet was not about when they left. But one day Jet was still out having his early morning run when they started off.

They talked in whispers so that Jet should not hear and come scampering up.

When the school bell rang the children peered through the playground railings before they marched in.

"Not a sign of him! I expect he has gone home like a good dog," Peter whispered.

Miss Masters seemed a little excited. "Be good children and do your best work; the inspector is coming," she told them. She turned over the papers on her desk, then took everything out of it. "Has anyone seen my glasses?" she asked

anxiously. "I cannot read a word without them."

She looked up at the clock. "What shall I do?" she murmured.

There was a flurry in the porch, then something scratched at the door. "Woof! Woof!" barked a voice. The twins looked at each other in dismay.

Miss Masters darted to the door. "That horrid little dog of yours again!" she cried. "You bad dog! Go home!"

She chased Jet across the playground. He squeezed under the gate and ran off.

"Come to me at dinner-time for that note," she

## MAKING FRIENDS

said, as Peter ran to close the door after her.

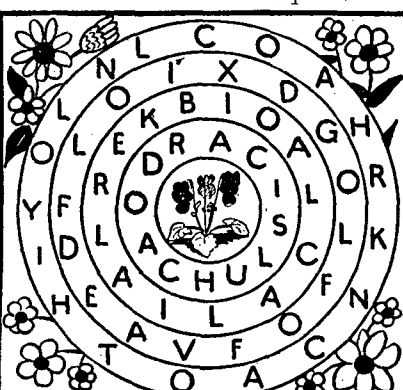
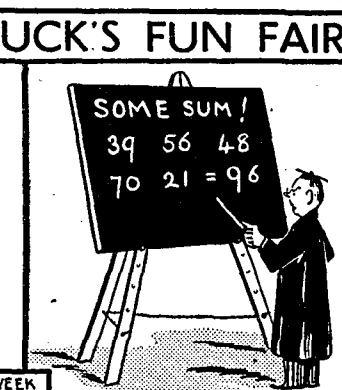
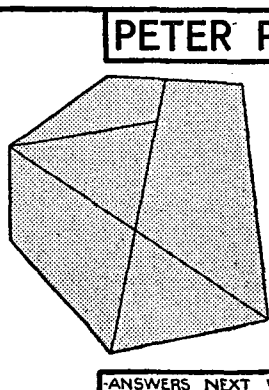
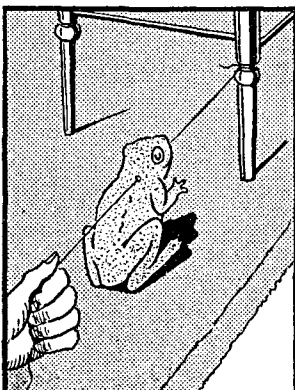
"But look, Miss Masters!" cried Peter. On the mat lay the lost spectacle case, still wet from Jet's moist mouth.

Teacher was grateful. The glasses were quite safe.

Presently the inspector came and everything went off splendidly.

"I was wrong about your pet," Teacher smiled, when he had gone. "I must come and make friends with Jet this evening."

The pup was as surprised as the twins when she took him a big juicy bone after tea and shook his paw!



Draw a frog on stiff card, cut it out, colour it, and thread it on string as shown. Tie one end to a chair leg, and jerk the string; the frog will then hop along.

Can you add three straight lines to the above diagram so that there will be ten triangles?

Can you fill in the signs (plus and minus only) to make this sum correct?

Find the names of two flowers in each circle by using alternate letters only.

The Children's Newspaper is printed in England and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 15, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass. Subscription Rates everywhere: 11s a year; 6s 6d for six months. It can also be obtained from the Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs Gordon & Gotch, Ltd; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. April 15, 1939, S.L.



## How TO KEEP Children's Hair Lovely!

Mothers are now working the same miracles for their children's hair that they have found are so easily performed for their own—with 'Danderine'.

Natural curl is accentuated. A child's hair is easily "trained" and kept orderly, clean and sparkling. A few drops of this fragrant liquid sprinkled on the brush each time the hair is arranged. That is all that's needed. Waves "set" with 'Danderine' last longer and look nicer. Thicker, more luxuriant hair will follow for every member when 'Danderine' becomes a regular habit with your family. It helps to check falling hair, dissolves dandruff and gives dull, brittle hair new life and lustre.

Of Chemists and Stores 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

# 'Danderine'

FOR THE HAIR

Full of Interest for the Boy of Today...

# MODERN BOY

Every Saturday at all Newsagents 2d

## ★ CORONATION PACKET ★

50 Fine Stamps, many new issues. KENYA-TANGANYIKA, CAYMAN Is., COSTA RICA (large Pictorial), PERSIA, Coronation, CANADA, George VI, ANDORRA, New Issue, IVORY COAST, fine AUSTRALIA (Commemorative), DENMARK (Restoration), etc., and 4 FINE GEORGE VI CORONATION STAMPS. Price 4d. only, post free. Presented with this packet to all who ask for my approvals, a free set of 6 PERLs, including New Issue, Bargains: 100 B. Colonial 1/-; 20 Airpost, 6d.; 6 Triangular 7d.; 12 Coronation 1/2; 45 ditto, 5/-; Send addresses of stamp collectors and receive an additional free set.—H. G. WATKINS, C.N. Dept., GRANVILLE ROAD, BARNET.

## EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

For a quick, safe remedy there is nothing like 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Give a dose at bedtime. In the morning the bowels will act, gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. Doctors and nurses recommend this liquid laxative. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size).